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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE OFF YEAR.

Moral.—Don't try unsound experiments with a substantial animal. N.B.—STANLEY (MATHEWS) was not successful in *his* Exploring Expedition.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

NEW STORY BY ROBINSON.

A new Story by F. W. ROBINSON, *author of "Little Kate Kirby," "Second-Cousin Sarah," "Her Face was Her Fortune," and other popular novels, will begin in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *It is called*

"POOR ZEPH!"

Our readers will find it an absorbingly interesting story.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving depicting a charge of Turkish cavalry, and other pictures relating to the war in the East.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NEW YORK APPOINTMENTS.

THERE has been great delay in deciding what are known as the New York appointments. The evils of the old system have here so conspicuous a theatre that there has been a kind of general consent to regard the action here as indicative both of the conviction and the courage of the Administration. That action has now been taken. Nominations have been made for the three chief customs offices. The selection of Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT for Collector is most admirable. With all the high character and ability which the duties of the place demand, Mr. ROOSEVELT is known to be in full sympathy with the principles of reform, and to have the force and courage to observe them. His nomination, if it stood alone, would be a sufficient earnest of the firmness and courage of the Administration. But with him are associated two gentlemen, familiar to our politics, but not known as friends of a new principle of the civil service. Mr. MERRITT, nominated to be successor to General SHARPE as Surveyor, is an excellent gentleman, but he is known chiefly as an especial political friend of ex-Senator FENTON. Mr. PRINCE, late Senator from the First District, is known as an adroit politician, and is not known to be unfriendly to the principle of a purely political service. The substitution of these two gentlemen, however honest and capable, for Messrs. CORNELL and SHARPE, is a change, indeed, but it is not reform. Such a change would be the natural course under the old system by which the Administration put its own friends in and its opponents out. Messrs. MERRITT and PRINCE are probably more friendly to the Administration—or perhaps we should say more opposed to the opponents of the Administration—than Messrs. CORNELL and SHARPE. But, as we have constantly said, if these offices are to be filled by politicians for political ends, there are no more efficient politicians than the incumbents. And if the incumbents are to be removed on the ordinary political grounds, there is, we repeat, undoubted change, but no reform.

We have favored the appointment of a new Collector because the present officer, whose personal and official character has never been in the least degree assailed in these columns, was so thoroughly identified with the system to be reformed that his continuance would necessarily cast suspicion upon the earnestness of the Administration. It would be moral evidence that no serious reform was contemplated. The way to prove such an intention would be to name for the Collectorship a man like Mr. ROOSEVELT, and that fortunately has been done. There is, of course, no reason to doubt that the gentlemen named for the other two places will discharge their duties faithfully and efficiently. But that is true of the gentlemen who now hold them. The only legitimate reason for a change was that which was valid in the case of the Collector. And that reason does not seem to us to be satisfied by the nominations. The Administration, we trust, sees that there are two views in the Republican party upon this subject, and that they are irreconcilable. One is that the offices and their patronage are to be used for the benefit of the party; the other, that the subordinate civil service should be non-political. There is no middle ground, and there can be no conciliation. To select a Collector in accordance with the first view, and a Surveyor and a Naval Officer in accordance with the second, is to satisfy nobody, because it is an action which shows no consistent principle. If the places had all been filled, either by new appointments or by promotions, with men whose views of the proper conditions of the service agree with those of Mr. ROOSEVELT, the friends of a good system would have been sure of the consistent course of the Administration. Or if the places had all been politically filled for the purpose of building up an Administration party organization in the State, the action, however regretted by hosts of Republicans, would have been intelligible. But it is not possible to perceive the common principle of the three nominations. If Mr. ROOSEVELT was named because, happily, he is not known as a politician, why should the two other gentlemen be named because they are? If the chief customs offices are to be rewards for political activity and notoriety, why should Mr. ROOSEVELT, who is not a man of that kind, be nominated to the chief place? If they are not to be held as such rewards, why should not the Deputy Surveyor and Naval Officer, if competent and worthy, have been promoted?

The peculiar difficulties that surround the President should dispose to patience and consideration every one who sympathizes with his declared purposes. He is a man of sincerity, and there can be no doubt of his honest desire to do what he honorably can to restore national good feeling, and to begin, at least, a reform of the civil service system. But the friends of reform know just what they want, and we pointed out, when Secretary SHERMAN issued his instructions to Collector ARTHUR in regard to a reduction of the force in the New York Custom-house, that his views were incompatible with a reform upon sound principles. The Collector, fortunately, is the responsible head of the Custom-house, and it is impossible that a man of the energy and firmness of Mr. ROOSEVELT should not make himself felt as a purifying force throughout the whole institution. We venture to say that the Custom-house will cease to be a mischievous factor in State politics, or Mr. ROOSEVELT will cease to be Collector. Such a result will in itself be a great reform, for which we shall be indebted to the Administration. And we hope that the Administration will see clearly that it helps itself and its friends just in the degree that its action vindicates itself, as in the case of the nomination for the New York Collectorship.

SERENADE ELOQUENCE.

THE serenade speech of Mr. TILDEN was an extraordinary performance, and, from the reports, must have been an extraordinary spectacle. At the door of his house, in which a monstrous attempt was made last year to buy an electoral vote, the man who was chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and who made no protest when TWEED fraudulently counted in HOFFMAN, frantically denounced electoral fraud. This was not all. His party in this State had just pronounced against his leadership in the most unmistakable manner by refusing to renominate the officers of his administration, whose renomination Governor ROBINSON had declared to be necessary to carry out the great work of reform. Unheeding the Governor, the Convention, under the control of Mr. JOHN KELLY, the especial opponent of Mr. TILDEN, nominated Mr. BEACH instead of Mr. BIGELOW, and Mr. SCHOONMAKER instead of Mr. FAIRCHILD, Messrs. BIGELOW and FAIRCHILD having been the particular friends of Mr. TILDEN. Mr. BEACH had been implicated in some of the worst exposures of Mr. BIGELOW'S canal investigating commission, and Mr. JARVIS LORD, the patriarch of canal contracts, was one of the triumphant managers of the TILDEN overthrow. But Mr. TILDEN, who does not understand "how to belong to a party a little," gravely remarked of the nominations of the Canal Ring and of Tammany:

> "In my judgment the gentlemen in nomination will co-operate in the reform policy which I had the honor to inaugurate, and which Governor ROBINSON is consummating."

The whole performance shows what a great many persons outside of the State found it very difficult to understand last year, that Mr. TILDEN is simply a Democratic politician. His day, of course, is now passed. For reasons which we recently stated, he suddenly became very conspicuous in politics, and he was accepted by his party as a candidate, as Mr. GREELEY was in 1872, because it was supposed that he could be elected, not because of any personal regard for him, or any hold that he had upon "the masses." Should General M'CLELLAN be elected Governor of New Jersey, it will be necessary for Mr. TILDEN to shout fraud even more loudly than he did the other evening if he would avert a more crushing blow than he received at Albany. Mr. TILDEN'S speeches, and the letter of Governor SEYMOUR to the Tammany meeting, and the tone of the speeches there, suggest the question whether the assertion of fraud is likely to carry a nomination in the next Democratic Convention, or to suffice for a party platform in the election. The specific fraud is understood to be the action of the Louisiana Returning Board, but the offense is the acceptance of the decision of the Electoral Commission by the Republican party. It is that which is supposed to make it the party of fraud. What are the facts?

The actual result of the election was in utter doubt. There were fierce charges and counter-charges by both parties. If one side established probable fraud, the other established actual murder. In attempted bribery and corruption the honors were apparently easy. There was nothing more monstrous, however, in this line than the Oregon "Gobble" business from the house, but doubtless without the personal complicity, of Mr. TILDEN. So far as regards the Louisiana action, there was no more evidence of fraud in declaring the vote than of violence in casting the vote. We do not say that one sets off the other. But we do say that in most candid minds there was the utmost doubt as to the actual result; and as there was no lawful method acknowledged by all of deciding a disputed national election, and as party spirit was white-hot, it seemed impossible that a great catastrophe could be avoided. By the happiest fortune, and contrary to all reasonable anticipation, the angry parties, one controlling the Senate and the other the House, agreed upon a simple, adequate, and satisfactory solution. The Electoral Commission was constituted by a great majority of votes in Congress, the stanchest Republicans and the most faithful Democrats uniting. The Commission heard counsel, deliberated, and decided substantially that the charge of fraud in the Louisiana Board was not constitutionally cognizable by it, and that to enter into the whole inquiry would necessarily produce a much greater evil than to hold to the constitutional inability. The Commission, therefore, without directly passing upon the allegation of fraud, which could not constitutionally be before it, decided that Mr. HAYES had received the lawful electoral majority. His title, therefore, as Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS says, is complete. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS'S charge that he has fraud stamped upon him is, in the most absolute sense, untrue. It is not true technically. It is not true morally. For no man who recalls the facts and the evidence can doubt that the vote as alleged to be returned in Louisiana was not the honest vote of the State. The country will find nothing to "condone" in one of the most admirable and patriotic acts in American history—the peaceful and lawful settlement of a perilous controversy for which there was no legal provision. Nor will any national party be held responsible for any election frauds that may be proved in Louisiana or elsewhere, as no such party was held to account for the election frauds that were proved in New York, by which Mr. TILDEN'S party profited, when he was chairman of the State Committee, and was carefully silent, although Mr. GREELEY challenged him to speak.

SENATOR MORTON.

IN the death of Senator MORTON a strong actor in great events has passed away. During the last few years he has been among the most conspicuous of our public men; but his greatest service was performed during the war. In a State full of angry revolutionary passion, he took immense responsibility, and confronted seditious intrigue with firmer resolution and deeper sagacity than its own. No man whose memory goes back to the dark days of the war will fail to recognize with gratitude and admiration the patriotism and ability of Governor MORTON. His aggressive temperament, his ambition, his imperious will, and his cleverness gave him a prominent position in the Senate immediately upon his entrance, and he was one of the Senatorial leaders during the administration of General GRANT. Mr. MORTON belonged to a later school of Republicanism than that of LINCOLN and SEWARD and SUMNER, and it was his partisanship rather than his principle which was radical. He was, indeed, before all, a party man. He viewed party principles mainly with reference to party success, and nothing that he ever said was more characteristic than his remark in the Philadelphia Convention of 1872, after Mr. SUMNER had pronounced against General GRANT, that the party was greater than any leader of the party. He carried this feeling to excess, and he had no sympathy with the progressive spirit of the party, although he was too shrewd a politician to withstand it directly.

With all his force and partisan devotion, Mr. MORTON was never acknowledged as a true leader by original Republicans. His coquetry with the inflation movement, his constant inflammation of the sectional feeling that followed the war, and his contempt of reform, with the general impression that he was controlled by intense personal ambition, alienated from him the confidence of those whose support was indispensable to his most cherished projects. He was a man for a revolutionary time. Personally affable and amiable, there was undoubtedly a feeling that his political morality was not high, and that his influence tended to lower the standard of the party. He prided himself especially upon being a practical politician, and did not spare his sneers at theory and book-learning and amateur statesmanship. But amateur intelligence and education are better than amateur ignorance, and upon the financial question, where he most deprecated book-learning, it is never to be forgotten that books are but the records of experience and of careful thinking.

Mr. MORTON was a man of great natural capacity and a long and various experience in public affairs. He was positive, earnest, and tenacious. He was a good politician upon a lower level, but his name can not be ranked among the great names of the Senate. His indomitable will defied infirmities that would have subdued weaker men, and through the last weeks of his life, during which he has been, as it were, dying in public, the same will characteristically asserted itself. He dies surrounded by affectionate kindred at a fortunate moment for himself. The country is entering a new political epoch with which he did not sympathize, but his name will be always honorably associated with the earlier day when he seemed to be the hope of the Union in Indiana. Not the least of the general regret that attends his death springs from the knowledge that his place in the Senate will be filled by a man whose sole notoriety is that of a "Copperhead," the war name for those who did not frankly take up arms and fight to overthrow the government, but who did what they could to paralyze its efforts for its own salvation.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE question is forcibly presented by the tone of many Republican papers whether the Republican party can be maintained only by fostering sectional jealousy. The word "conciliation" is mentioned with inexpressible contempt, as if nothing were so preposterous as the idea that the people of the Northern and the Southern States could ever have a mutual regard and respect. Any measure or word which looks to common understanding and the overthrow of the traditional suspicion and jealousy between the sections is hooted as a surrender and an asking of pardon for having maintained the Union. Indeed, a great many Northern Republicans seem to be emulating the spirit which they have heretofore sharply denounced in Southern Democrats. When the war ended, the Constitution was amended to conform to the changed condition of the country. Did any amendment contemplate the permanent occupation of any State by the army to protect colored voters or to keep the peace? If it did, what provision was made for ending such occupation? Who was to decide when it was no longer necessary? The colored voters, like all other voters, are unquestionably to be protected. But as they are nearly half the population in some States, and in some even more than half, and as every one of them is as much entitled to protection as every other, is it a sounder policy to attempt that individual protection by military occupation than to leave it to the community under the same safeguards and restrictions that exist in every other community?

If it should be answered that it is foolish to suppose that the whites will be just to the blacks or protect their rights, we ask how soon a military occupation will educate or dispose them to be just? The bulldozings, the murders and harryings, and Ku-Kluxery in general, all took place during the military supervision. It was distinctly proved that the mere form of military force was useless for the purpose of protection. Is it probable that a demand for a sufficient force would be justified by the country, or that Congress would authorize it? If not, would the unwillingness prove that the country was wickedly willing to see the negroes oppressed? In view of the actual situation, nothing is more childish and false than the assertion that the course pursued by the President has abandoned the negroes to their tormentors.

In regard to the whites, nothing is plainer than that the course of the President has done more than any thing else could have

done to promote that mutual intelligence and respect which is the sole condition of a real union, by showing "the South" that "the North" is not implacably hostile. A Democratic President could not have done this, because he would not have represented "the North." The first thing to do was not to say, but to show, that the party which is the political organization of the distinctive "North" desires a good understanding. It is said that such a course is foolish because the Southerners will still remain Democratic. But that is to assert that the President should have considered chiefly the chances of the Republican party, and not of a better patriotic understanding. But still, it is urged, what is gained when the Republican organization is given up in Georgia and Mississippi? If they were given up because there was no chance of a military support of them, the result is not to be regretted, and if they dissolved for some other reason, the President is not responsible. Was it desirable, also, for the Republican party to sustain by arms the party as it existed in South Carolina? The Republican abuses and excesses in that State were one of the chief objections with hosts of intelligent men to Republican national success last year. The Southern Democrats remain Democrats, and as Democrats they had recovered all the Southern States but two from the Republicans plus the army. The Southern political situation has been in no way essentially changed by what has been done, except that the most intelligent Southerners have now, and for the first time in a generation, a more friendly feeling for their Northern fellow-citizens. This is an immense result, and it could not have been obtained by any course that would have excited contempt, as the surrender of principle would have done. To have achieved such a result is to have deserved the gratitude of every patriotic citizen.

THE OTHER SIDE.

IN the last number of the *Galaxy* Mr. JOHN I. PLATT writes in favor of a strictly political civil service. As that is what we have now, and as there is no assertion that what exists is not a good specimen of its kind, his position is that the present system is wise and economical, or at least wiser and more economical than one founded upon a different principle. For some reason, however, Mr. PLATT does not consider the objections to the present system. He affirms, indeed, that the "service to be rendered by our officials of every name and grade is essentially a political service." Is justly measuring linen, or computing damaged cargoes of fruit, or receiving dues under the customs laws, or distributing letters, "essentially a political service?" They are all essentially not political services, and it is the practice of regarding them as such that chiefly breeds the mischiefs which intelligent citizens deprecate. Mr. PLATT intimates that when the majority of voters decree a change in the general policy of the government, it is necessary, in order to carry out the change, that there shall be a change of routine officers and clerks. This is an entire misapprehension. A book-keeper in the Custom-house can keep his books equally well under a revenue as under a protective tariff, and there is no reason for displacing him in the fact that the majority has decided to substitute the one tariff for the other. The argument drawn from a revolutionary or anarchical condition is not pertinent, for a civil service system is to be founded upon normal, not upon exceptional, considerations.

But the main point of Mr. PLATT's article seems to be to show that all citizens should take an active part in politics, and therefore that office-holders should not be excluded in any degree. As an abstract statement we cordially concur in this position. But it fails as an argument in the existing situation, for the reason that under a system of the service based upon political influence and patronage the office-holders exclude other good citizens from active participation in politics. Mr. PLATT says:

"The danger that menaces the republic to-day arises from the fact that so many of the better class of citizens refuse to perform their part of it [political duty]. They stand too much aloof, are too unwilling to attend caucuses and to sit in conventions, but leave those who are less qualified either in intelligence or virtue to perform the important task of governing the country. Any thing that tends to increase this unwillingness to do political duty inflicts an injury upon the body-politic—aims a direct blow at the foundation of our institutions."

This is very true. But what is it that deters the better class of citizens, and what daily increases this unwillingness, and constantly aims a blow at the welfare of free institutions? The system that Mr. PLATT advocates. That is the foe. That is the danger. Under that system, which converts the civil service into a vast mass of booty, "loot," plunder, politics becomes mere jobbery and trade. Decent citizens know that the action of caucuses and conventions is largely a "put-up job." They feel that it is a waste of time and trouble to attempt to interfere, and they abstain. Are this indifference and disgust likely to be cured by deliberately justifying the system that produces them? That system is a vicious circle. Men are nominated because they will "take care of their friends," and they use the patronage of their positions to maintain their places and their influence. This is no more necessary in a civil than in a military or naval service; and as the constant tendency is toward personal and not public considerations, it is the part of patriotism ceaselessly to withstand it.

Now the remedy for the great evil which Mr. PLATT forcibly describes, and, of course without ill intention, advocates, lies not indeed in a permanent exclusion of civil officers from politics, but in a system which prevents their illicit interest and unfair power in politics. Mr. PLATT asserts, in effect, that a Collector ought to take part in caucuses and conventions. But can he do so with just regard for the rights of other citizens, when he has a hundred or a thousand places to give and to take away? "It is generally true," said Mr. WEBSTER, in advocating a limitation upon the power of removal, "that he who controls another man's means of living, controls his will." This is the power that patronage confers upon those who command it, and it is this which gives a Collector or any appointing officer so immense and unfair an advantage over other citizens that, as Mr. PLATT truly says, they stand aloof, and are unwilling to attend caucuses and conventions. This unfair advantage of the leading office-holders not only practically excludes the unofficial citizen, but it is an odious and demoralizing tyranny over the subordinate. Obedience is the price of his place, and we have seen such subordinates forced by this wretched thralldom to vote against their wishes and their convictions in order to keep their places. The remedy, we say, lies in a well-considered system, which, giving these places not to influence but to proved capacity, and securing the place to fidelity and efficiency, puts the civil officers upon precisely the same ground with other citizens, and deprives them of their illicit interest and unfair advantage. When such a system shall be adopted and enforced, there will be no reason for a direct prohibition of office-holding control of politics. But until it is established, the only way to deal with the mischief, to emancipate the subordinate officers, and to encourage good citizens to come forward, is to prohibit the interference of patronage with the freedom of popular elections, and to take good care that the prohibition actually prohibits.

PTOLEMY'S MAP OF THE WORLD.

THE remarkable journey and discoveries of Mr. STANLEY have naturally commanded universal attention both in America and in Europe, not only for the results, but for the story of heroic and romantic adventure. It may now indeed be truly said that mid-Africa has ceased to be a mysterious region. The great geographical problems that remained unsolved a few years since were the northwestern passage, the sources of the Nile, and the geography of the heart of Africa. One after the other, they have been solved, and Mr. STANLEY's explorations complete the circle of knowledge of the subject. We have already spoken of the singular and interesting events of his journey, and in another part of this paper Mr. STANLEY's famous fellow-explorer and African traveller, M. DU CHAILLU, points out the fact, first remarked by Chief Justice DALY, president of the American Geographical Society, that the three lakes which are the source of the Nile are laid down upon PTOLEMY's map of the world, drawn from his geography, which dates from the second century of the Christian era. The map that we print is photographed and slightly reduced from a copy belonging to the American Geographical Society, and it is exceedingly interesting as a representation of geographical knowledge at the beginning of our epoch. It will undoubtedly be a great surprise that that knowledge was so accurate, and that, as Judge DALY remarked, the discovery of the Nyanza lakes is only rediscovery. The great river flowing to the west upon this map conforms singularly to the Congo, down which Mr. STANLEY may be said to have fought his way, happily succeeding in demonstrating the last problem.

With this map, and with the recent explorations, the literature of African discovery and adventure takes a new departure. Every school-teacher, having this map in hand, can now impart a fresh interest to the fascinating theme, and the entertaining lectures of DU CHAILLU will derive a delightful charm from the consciousness that, while all his adventure is his own, he is geographically telling a tale that has been only forgotten.

PERSONAL.

THE clubs of New York are presided over by gentlemen of the highest position, social and public. The oldest, the Union, has for president Secretary EVARTS; before him were Governor JOHN A. KING and Chief Justice JONES. The Century is presided over by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, who succeeded Mr. BANCROFT, the historian. The Union League is presided over by ex-Minister JOHN JAY, who was preceded by one of the ablest young lawyers of the country and one of its most brilliant speakers, Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE. The Knickerbocker is presided over by Mr. ALEXANDER HAMILTON, Jun., a son of that ALEXANDER HAMILTON who was one of the founders of the republic. The Manhattan is presided over by the eminent banker Mr. BELMONT. The Palette is presided over by Hon. NOAH DAVIS, presiding justice of the Supreme Court. The Lotos is presided over by genial JOHN BROUGHAM. The New York is presided over by Mr. GIBERT; the Army and Navy by Colonel LLOYD ASPINWALL; the St. Nicholas by Mr. JAMES M. M'LEAN, first vice and acting president, etc., etc., etc.

—Mr. GLADSTONE's industry is untiring. He has now in press a collection of "Essays, Letters, and Addresses," is writing a preface to Dr. SCHLIEMANN's book on the Mycenæ excavations, and is a constant contributor to the magazines.

—Ex-Minister WASHBURNE recently told his old constituents that, after a public life of twenty-five years, he was pleased to be again simply a private citizen. He goes to Chicago to reside.

—Mr. LONGFELLOW is said to be a great lover of jests and fun, and in the morning is full of happy little pleasantries for the family circle.

—The recent death of JOHN BELL, of Tennessee, leaves alive but two of all the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates before the people in 1860—but seventeen years ago. Those two are HANNIBAL HAMLIN and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON. LINCOLN, DOUGLAS, BRECKINRIDGE and LANE, and BELL and EVERETT are dead.

—JOHN ERNEST LUTHER, a direct descendant of the reformer, died a few days since in Germany at the age of seventy-one. He was a school-teacher, who had devoted himself with especial zeal to perfecting and propagating the FROEBEL system. By his wife, a daughter of Councilor-Royal SEMMLER, of Berlin, he had two sons and a daughter, who survive him.

—Much has been written in London papers and by London correspondents of New York papers respecting Mr. DELANE, some affirming and some denying that he has retired from the *Times*. The London *Court Journal*, received by last steamer, has a paragraph that bears the appearance of accuracy, stating that "a few days since an affecting scene took place at Printing-house Square. Mr. DELANE formally and touchingly took leave of his *confrères* of the *Times*, and handed over the reins of government to Mr. CHENERY, who has been connected with the paper for many years. In 1841 Mr. DELANE was editor, when only twenty-three years of age. He retires on an allowance of £2000 a year for life.

—Mr. WILLIAM W. STORY's reputation as a sculptor and writer is known at home and abroad. It is not so generally known, however, that he is a good lawyer, and once published a legal work, which is still in use; that he is an accomplished musician, playing upon several instruments with excellent taste; that he has so true a capacity for painting that if he had pursued it diligently he would have been as great a painter as sculptor; that he is the only foreigner known to write good Italian verse; and that he speaks and writes three or four languages with grace and precision. His years of labor have left him little changed. There is gray in his hair and his beard, but otherwise he shows himself to be in his prime of physical and intellectual vigor. On one occasion, at a public dinner in Boston, Mr. STORY's father, the late Justice STORY, of the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. EVERETT were present, the former presiding. In one of those felicitous little speeches for which he was distinguished he concluded by calling Mr. EVERETT up and saying, "Fame travels where Ever-ett goes." Mr. EVERETT's remarks, bright and scholarly, as was always the case with him, closed with the repartee, "However far and high my name may go, it can never rise above *one Story*."

—There were many very able men in the recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, held in Boston, but among those who specially distinguished themselves in debate, and for the wisdom and liberality of their action, were Rev. Drs. DE KOVEN and FULTON, of Wisconsin; Rev. Dr. DIX, of New York; Rev. Dr. SCHENCK, of Brooklyn; Judge SHEFFEY, of Virginia; and Chancellor JUDD, of Illinois. Ex-Secretary HAMILTON FISH took a prominent part in the proceedings, and was conspicuous for his conservative, strong common-sense view of the needs of the Church and the requirements of the times. The president, Rev. Dr. BURGESS, of Springfield, Massachusetts, commanded the respect of the Lower House by his uniform discretion and fairness.

—Colonel CHARLES GORDON GREENE, the veteran editor of the Boston *Post*, celebrated his golden wedding on the evening of October 24.

—Ex-Secretary FISH is fortunate in his sons. One, Mr. NICHOLAS FISH, is United States Minister resident in Switzerland. Another, HAMILTON FISH, Jun., is again in nomination, by the Republicans, for member of Assembly from Putnam County. He has served three terms, and is not only one of the most useful but promising of the rising generation of public men.

—Captain JAMES B. EADS, whose great works at the mouth of the Mississippi and elsewhere in this country have made him famous, is to make another attempt on a very great scale—a bridge across the Bosporus. It will cost $25,000,000, and be of iron and masonry, 100 feet wide and 6000 long, with fifteen spans, the central one of 750 feet.

—Mr. MOTLEY by will distributes all his books and personal property equally among his daughters. The rest of his property, excepting the copyright on his literary works, is left in trust to F. E. PARKER and J. L. STACKPOLE, who are to manage it for the benefit of his daughters, they to receive all the income.

—General GARFIELD, of Ohio, although only forty-six years old, has had great rapidity of promotion in public life. He was twenty-five when he graduated from Williams College, and since then has been constantly in Congress, excepting when in the army, and three years in the Ohio Senate. He entered the army as a colonel, was a brigadier in one year, and that year was elected to Congress, but refused to take his seat until, for gallantry at Chickamauga, he was made major-general. Eight times have the people of his district sent him to Congress.

—The new monument to be erected to ex-President JOHNSON at Greenville, Tennessee, will be twenty-six feet high, the base of granite, the shaft of Italian marble. Upon the front is a scroll representing the Constitution of the United States, and an open book with a hand resting upon it, representing the taking of the oath of office. Over the apex is the American flag, and surmounting the whole an American eagle with outstretched wings.

—BERIAH MAGOFFIN, Jun., son of the late Governor of Kentucky, is now living in Minnesota, and has lately been mentioned as a candidate for the Legislature; but he declines to run, saying that from his slight experience he "prefers the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a grateful constituency."

—Eight ex-Speakers of the House of Representatives are living—R. M. T. HUNTER, of Virginia; R. C. WINTHROP, of Massachusetts; T. M. POMEROY, of New York; N. P. BANKS, of Massachusetts; G. A. GROW, of Pennsylvania; SCHUYLER COLFAX, of Indiana; JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine; and S. J. RANDALL, of Pennsylvania.

—Mr. BARNUM went to see the President the other day, and asked him to go to the circus. The President said to him, "I do not allow my official annoyances to follow me outside of this room. I go to my family, play with my children, and forget that I am President. Nearly every day when I leave this office, usually from three to four, I go for a drive, but sometimes I prefer to walk. I take with me in my carriage some pleasant gentleman who is agreeable to me, and who I know will not talk to me of public business and politics. A long drive settles my nerves, banishes the sad cases that come to me which I can not help, and gives me an appetite for my dinner.. In the evening I see many friends socially, and this is a diversion rather than a task. I am rarely troubled with politics in the evening. Those who come, both ladies and gentlemen, are generally known to us, and they come at our invitation. I retire reasonably early and rise early, and so there is little danger of gray hairs in my case." "Will you come to my show, Mr. President, either to-day or to-morrow?" asked Mr. BARNUM, as he was taking his leave. "No," said the President, "I can not; but the children will go."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: Upward of 900 new bills were introduced in the two Houses on the 29th ult., nearly fifty of which were for the repeal of the Resumption Act and the remonetization of silver. Among others, in the Senate, were the following: to give Nebraska another Representative in Congress; to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy; to establish the Territory of Lincoln; and to provide for the coinage of silver dollars as legal tenders. The most important House bills were the following: to revive the Court of *Alabama* Claims; to reduce letter postage; to simplify the duties laws; to appoint a General Commissioner and fifteen Commissioners to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and to appropriate $150,000 to cover expenses; (by Mr. Cox) to remove all political disabilities; amending the Presidential election laws; to establish a national savings' depository as a branch of the Post-office Department; to admit Utah and Dakota as States; to repeal all laws forbidding appointments of ex-Confederates in the army and navy. Speaker Randall announced the standing committees. The President sent in a long list of nominations, the most important of which were E. W. Stoughton, of New York, minister to Russia (confirmed); Theodore Roosevelt, Collector of Customs, Edwin A. Merritt, Surveyor, and L. Bradford Prince, Naval Officer, for the port of New York; William Henry Smith, Collector of Customs, Chicago; and Robert T. Smith, Collector of Customs at Mobile.—On the 30th ult., John Welsh, of Philadelphia, was nominated as minister to England.—On the 31st, Senator Burnside introduced a bill to abolish distinctions on account of color in the army, permitting the enlistment of colored men in any regiment. In the House, Mr. Ewing, from the Committee on Banking, reported a bill to repeal section 3 of the Resumption Act. Mr. Fort presented the minority report in the shape of an amendment to the bill, repealing the part authorizing the redeeming and canceling of greenbacks. Mr. Ewing moved to print and recommit his bill, and Mr. Garfield suggested the same process with Mr. Fort's bill, when the Speaker decided it could be printed as an amendment proposed to be offered. The motion to recommit was adopted without a division, when Mr. Ewing, with the design of keeping the bill within his control, moved to reconsider the vote. Mr. Conger moved to lay this motion on the table, which brought the House to a test vote, and the motion to lay on the table was rejected by yeas 116 to nays 138. Of the yeas 20 are Democrats, and of the nays 34 are Republicans. The next day the vote to recommit the report was reconsidered.—On the 2d, Mr. Ewing offered Mr. Fort's minority bill as a substitute. A motion to lay both bills on the table was defeated by a vote of 107 to 140.—In the House, on the 1st inst., Mr. Goode, of Virginia, asked leave to offer a resolution declaring the President's action in withdrawing the troops from South Carolina and Louisiana wise, just, and constitutional, but objection was made.—The Army Bill was reported in the House, on the 2d inst., appropriating $25,763,000, on a basis of 22,000 men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

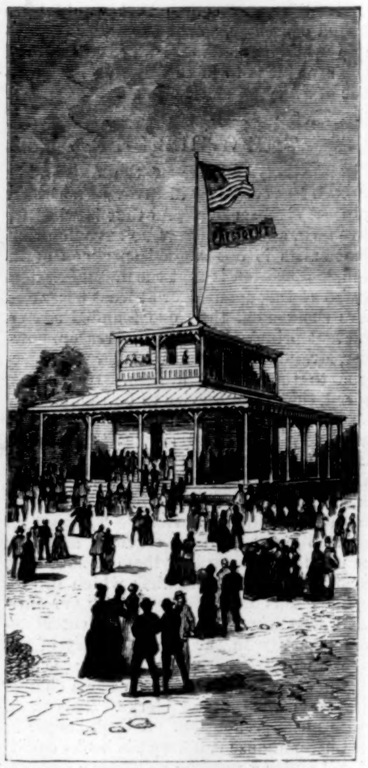
THE EASTERN WAR.—There has been great activity during the week both in Bulgaria and Armenia, and the Russians have gained important victories. On the 28th ult., a body of Russians carried the Turkish position at Telische, west of Plevna, and on the road to Sophia. A Russian official dispatch says: "The total number of prisoners captured at Dubnik and Telische was 7000, including two pashas, 200 officers, and an English colonel in the Turkish service. After the victories at Dubnik and Telische, Russian scouts approached Radomirze, and Chefket Pasha, with twelve battalions, fled from there without waiting to destroy the bridge, which is now intact in our hands. Our cavalry is pursuing Chefket Pasha." An attempt was made by the Turks to recapture Telische.—Dispatches from Armenia say that Kars is completely invested. Negotiations with the garrison have been broken off, and the bombardment recommenced. General Melikoff has been appointed Provisional Governor of Turkish Armenia. On the night of the 30th ult., the Turks evacuated Hassen-Kaleh, about eighteen miles from Erzerum. While they were doing so, the Russians surprised their rear-guard, taking two battalions prisoners.—It is officially announced at Constantinople that 226,795 men are to be immediately called out for active service. A majority of these are members of the reserve. The draft will leave 333,412 registered members of the reserve.

Second elections were held, on the 29th ult., for members of the French Chamber of Deputies in districts where no choice was made on the 14th. So far as known, 11 conservatives and 4 republicans were chosen. By this result the Chambers will stand—220 republicans to 210 conservatives.

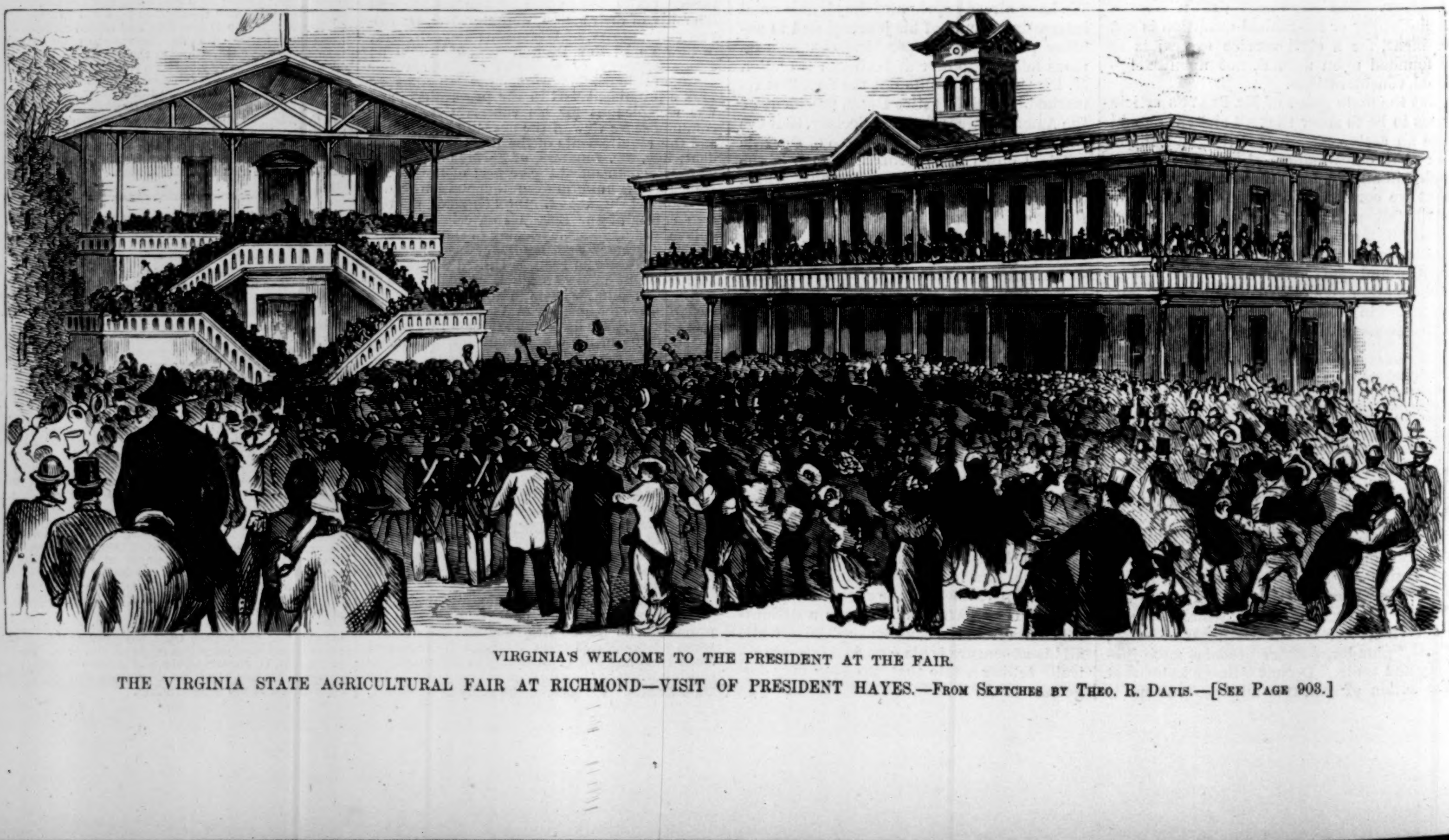
VIEW OF THE FAIR GROUNDS.

TRUCK PRODUCE.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT IN THE CITY.

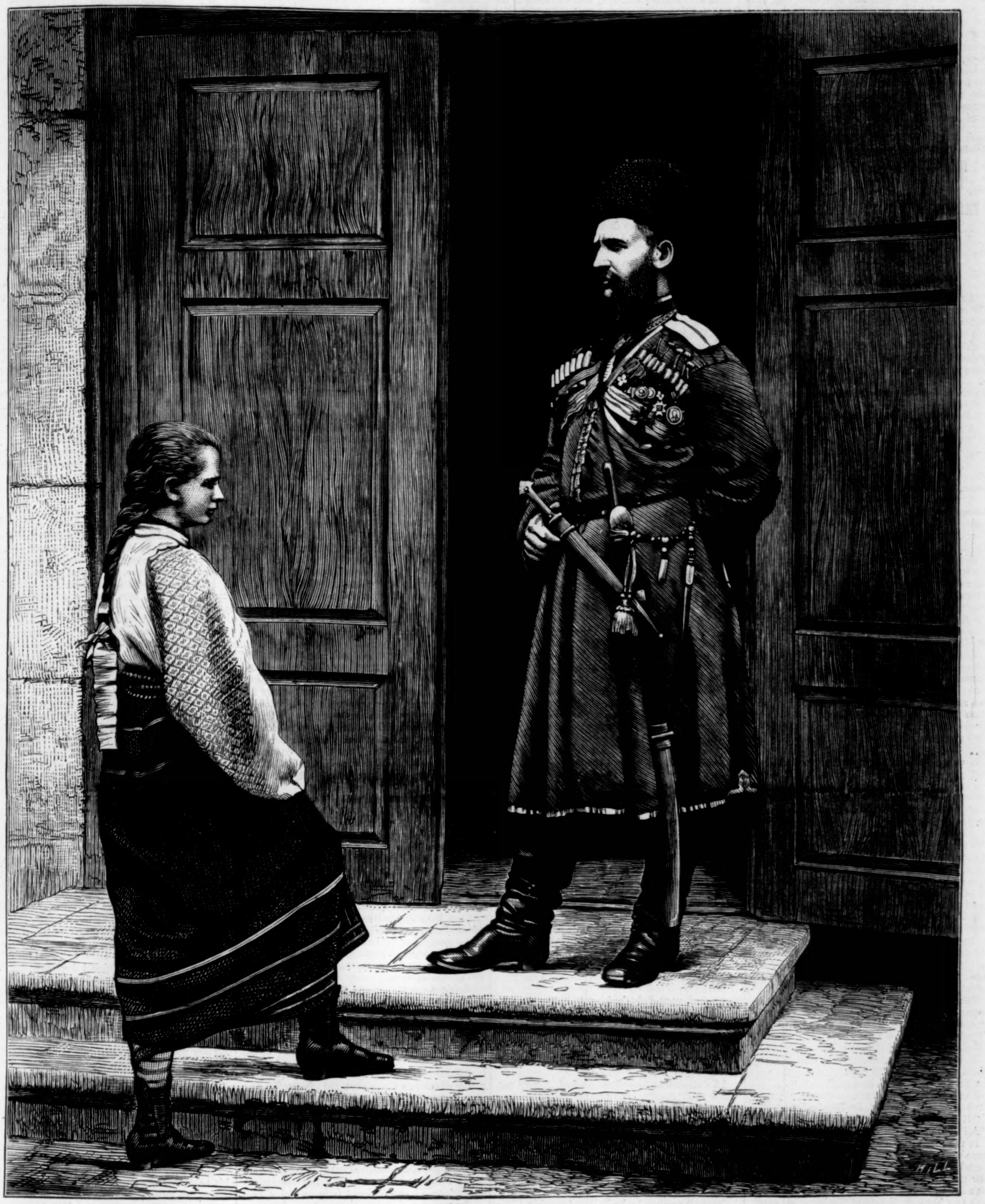


OFFICERS' QUARTERS.



VIRGINIA'S WELCOME TO THE PRESIDENT AT THE FAIR.

THE VIRGINIA STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT RICHMOND—VISIT OF PRESIDENT HAYES.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 903.]



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AT BUCHAREST IN THE COSTUME OF A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF, AND WALLACHIAN GIRL ATTENDANT.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AS A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

Military life at Bucharest admits of some diversions—at least so far as those high in power are concerned—else we should not receive sketches from that city depicting so important a personage as the Grand Duke Nicholas disporting himself in the costume of a Circassian chief for the entertainment of his little servant-maid. Just what end the great man, who is said to be rather devoid of brains, has in view, or whom he intends to awe by such an imposing toilet, it is impossible for us to tell; but at present it is clear that he is trying to gauge the effect of his appearance by the impression it produces on the little attendant in front of him.

Bucharest is not St. Petersburg; but the chief city of Roumania is by no means a bad place of residence for members of a royal family exiled from their native capital by the necessities of war. The town is amply provided with promenades, parks, public gardens, theatres, and cafés. The Chaussée, the grand promenade, lies to the north, and is the beginning of a road leading to the Carpathian Mountains, which, though about eighty miles distant, may be distinctly seen therefrom. On pleasant days magnificent carriages or beautifully appointed sledges, according to the time of year, filled with well-dressed people, may be seen coursing up and down, or remaining in long stationary lines beneath the trees with which the road is bordered. Driving is, indeed, the favorite amusement of the towns-people; and of late many a gallant four-in-hand drag and light mail phaeton, conducted by dashing officers in brilliant uniforms, lend a new animation to the scene.

The four *bals masqués* that take place during the Carnival season afford much entertainment to the people of Bucharest. The ladies are the only ones disguised. They wear dominoes, while the gentlemen appear in evening dress. The whole company is not fairly assembled until midnight, but from that hour to three o'clock in the morning the scene is at its best—every where gayety, flirtation, and intrigue. In the intervals of the dance a favorite refreshment of the Roumanians, called *dulchatza*, is handed round among the guests. This is a species of preserve made from fruit or roses. It is served on a small saucer, and, followed by a glass of ice-water, forms a very agreeable refreshment on a warm evening.

Society may be had at Bucharest of a sufficiently select and aristocratic kind to satisfy the most fastidious. Here may be found many descendants of former reigning princes, the great Wallachian *boyards*, the Moldavian nobility who have quitted Jassy and located themselves at the capital, the members of the various diplomatic corps stationed at Bucharest, and a few foreigners whose position in their own country has long been ascertained, and who have lived long in the land. The Wallachian aristocracy are on the most intimate terms with each other, being linked together by frequent intermarriages, and often by the hereditary alliances of centuries. In speaking of the luxury shown in their manner of living, a writer says: "The Wallachian boyard lives in great style and with much display. His house is large and commodious, and splendidly furnished. He has a host of servants and satellites attached to his mansion, two or three men cooks, the same number of coachmen; valets, footmen, and maids in battalions. Men-servants, sometimes to the number of thirty or forty, all inhabit his house, and in many cases their wives and children live with them. But the master is good-natured and generous, and makes no objection to a system that would exasperate any one else. He keeps open house, and has a dinner prepared for any friends who may present themselves. It is on record that as many as forty guests have sat down to a table to which none had been previously invited. This would test pretty severely the resources of most establishments, but it affects him not. His *cuisine* is of the most *recherché* order; in fact, a combination of what is most excellent in those of all other countries. Here you have the very best of every thing—a mingling of the Eastern and Western modes that is most piquant. He has lived over and over again in the best hotels in every corner of Europe, and his taste and experience are perfect. His stables are magnificent, and probably contain some English thorough-breds. He has his own particular carriages and coachmen, and his wife has hers, quite distinct—a very convenient arrangement, it may be remarked, whereby much trouble and annoyance are avoided. For in this country woman certainly is in the fullest

enjoyment of her rights and privileges, and, as is but natural, seems determined to make the most of them. She has her own horses and servants, her own suite of apartments, and is thorough mistress of herself all the livelong day. She may spend a fortune upon her toilet, indulge in any amount of flirtation, and if she grow weary of her long-suffering husband, she may avail herself of the privilege of divorce—nowhere more easily arranged than in Roumania—and wed whomsoever she pleases."

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

VIII.

"VIOLATION OF THE CHAMBER."

At seven o'clock in the morning the Pont de la Concorde was still free. The large grated gate of the Palace of the Assembly was closed; through the bars might be seen the flight of steps—that flight of steps whence the Republic had been proclaimed on the 4th May, 1848—covered with soldiers; and their piled arms might be distinguished upon the platform behind those high columns which, during the time of the Constituent Assembly, after the 15th May and the 23d June, masked small mountain mortars, loaded and pointed.

A porter with a red collar, wearing the livery of the Assembly, stood by the little door of the grating. From time to time Representatives arrived. The porter said, "Gentlemen, are you Representatives?" and opened the door. Sometimes he asked their names.

M. Dupin's quarters could be entered without hinderance. In the great gallery, in the dining-room, in the *salon d'honneur* of the Presidency, liveried attendants silently opened the doors as usual.

Before daylight, immediately after the arrest of the Questors MM. Baze and Le Flô, M. De Panat, the only Questor who remained free, having been spared or disdained as a Legitimist, awoke M. Dupin, and begged him to summon immediately the Representatives from their own homes. M. Dupin returned this unprecedented answer: "I do not see any urgency."

Almost at the same time as M. Panat, the Representative Jerôme Bonaparte had hastened thither. He had summoned M. Dupin to place himself at the head of the Assembly. M. Dupin had answered, "I can not, I am guarded." Jerôme Bonaparte burst out laughing. In fact, no one had deigned to place a sentinel at M. Dupin's door; they knew that it was guarded by his meanness.

It was only later on, toward noon, that they took pity on him. They felt that the contempt was too great, and allotted him two sentinels.

At half past seven fifteen or twenty Representatives, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Joret, De Rességuier, and De Talhouet, met together in M. Dupin's room. They also had vainly argued with M. Dupin. In the recess of a window a clever member of the Majority, M. Desmousseaux de Givré, who was a little deaf and exceedingly exasperated, almost quarreled with a Representative of the Right, like himself, whom he wrongly supposed to be favorable to the *Coup d'État*.

M. Dupin, apart from the group of Representatives, alone, dressed in black, his hands behind his back, his head sunk on his breast, walked up and down before the fire-place, where a large fire was burning. In his own room, and in his very presence, they were talking loudly about himself, yet he seemed not to hear.

Two members of the Left came in, Benoît (du Rhône) and Crestin. Crestin entered the room, went straight up to M. Dupin, and said to him, "President, you know what is going on? How is it that the Assembly has not yet been convened?"

M. Dupin halted, and answered, with a shrug which was habitual with him:

"There is nothing to be done."

And he resumed his walk.

"It is enough," said M. De Rességuier.

"It is too much," said Eugène Sue.

All the Representatives left the room.

In the mean time, the Pont de la Concorde became covered with troops. Among them General Vast-Vimeux, lean, old, and little—his lank white hair plastered over his temples—in full uniform, with his laced hat on his head. He was laden with two huge epaulets, and displayed his scarf, not that of a Representative, but of a general, which scarf, being too long, trailed on the ground. He crossed the bridge on foot, shouting to the soldiers inarticulate cries of enthusiasm for the Empire and the *Coup d'État*. Such figures as these were seen in 1814. Only, instead of wearing a large tricolored cockade, they wore a large white cockade. In the main the same phenomenon—old men crying, "Long live the Past!" Almost at the same moment M. De la Rochejaquelein crossed the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by a hundred men in blouses, who followed him in silence, and with an air of curiosity. Numerous regiments of cavalry were drawn up in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées.

At eight o'clock a formidable force invested the Legislative Palace. All the approaches were guarded, all the doors were shut. Some Representatives, nevertheless, succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the Palace, not, as has been wrongly stated, by the passage of the President's house at the side of the Esplanade of the Invalides, but by the little door of the Rue de Bourgogne, called the Black Door. This door, by what omission or what connivance I do not know, remained open till noon on the 2d December. The Rue de Bourgogne was, nevertheless, full of troops. Squads of soldiers scattered here and there in the Rue de l'Université allowed passers-by, who were few and far between, to use it as a thoroughfare.

The Representatives, who entered by the door in the Rue de Bourgogne, penetrated as far as the Salle des Conférences, where they met their colleagues coming out from M. Dupin.

A numerous group of men, representing every shade of opinion in the Assembly, was speedily assembled in this hall, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Richardet, Fayolle, Joret, Marc Dufraisse, Benoît (du Rhône), Canet, Gambon, D'Adelsward, Crépu, Répellin, Teillard-Latérisse, Rantion, General Leydet, Paulin Durrieu, Chanay, Brilliez, Collas (de la Gironde), Monet, Gaston, Favreau, and Albert de Rességuier.

Each new-comer accosted M. De Panat.

"Where are the Vice-Presidents?"

"In prison."

"And the two other Questors?"

"Also in prison. And I beg you to believe, gentlemen," added M. De Panat, "that I have had nothing to do with the insult which has been offered me in not arresting me."

Indignation was at its height; every political shade was blended in the same sentiment of contempt and anger, and M. De Rességuier was no less energetic than Eugène Sue. For the first time, the Assembly seemed only to have one heart and one voice. Each at length said what he thought of the man of the Élysée, and it was then seen that for a long time past Louis Bonaparte had imperceptibly created a profound unanimity in the Assembly—the unanimity of contempt.

M. Collas (of the Gironde) gesticulated and told his story. He came from the Ministry of the Interior. He had seen M. De Morny, he had spoken to him, and he, M. Collas, was incensed beyond measure at M. Bonaparte's crime. Since then that Crime has made him Councilor of State.

M. De Panat went hither and thither among the groups, announcing to the Representatives that he had convened the Assembly for one o'clock. But it was impossible to wait until that hour. Time pressed. At the Palais Bourbon, as in the Rue Blanche, it was the universal feeling that each hour which passed by helped to accomplish the *Coup d'État*. Every one felt as a reproach the weight of his silence or of his inaction; the circle of iron was closing in, the tide of soldiers rose unceasingly, and silently invaded the Palace; at each instant a sentinel the more was found at a door which a moment before had been free. Still the group of Representatives assembled together in the Salle des Conférences was as yet respected. It was necessary to act, to speak, to deliberate, to struggle, and not to lose a minute.

Gambon said, "Let us try Dupin once more; he is our official man; we have need of him." They went to look for him. They could not find him. He was no longer there; he had disappeared; he was away, hidden, crouching, cowering, concealed; he had vanished; he was buried. Where? No one knew. Cowardice has unknown holes.

Suddenly a man entered the hall—a man who was a stranger to the Assembly, in uniform, wearing the epaulet of a superior officer, and a sword by his side. He was a major of the Forty-second, who came to summon the Representatives to quit their own House. All, Royalists and Republicans alike, rushed upon him. Such was the expression of an indignant eye-witness. General Leydet addressed him in language such as leaves an impression on the cheek rather than on the ear.

"I do my duty, I fulfill my instructions," stammered the officer.

"You are an idiot if you think you are doing your duty," cried Leydet to him, "and you are a scoundrel if you know that you are committing a crime. Your name? What do you call yourself? Give me your name?"

The officer refused to give his name, and replied, "So, gentlemen, you will not withdraw?"

"No."

"I shall go and obtain force."

"Do so."

He left the room, and in actual fact went to obtain orders from the Ministry of the Interior.

The Representatives waited in that kind of indescribable agitation which might be called the Strangling of Right by Violence.

In a short time one of them who had gone out came back hastily, and warned them that two companies of the *Gendarmerie Mobile* were coming, with their guns in their hands.

Marc Dufraisse cried out, "Let the outrage be thorough. Let the *Coup d'État* find us on our seats. Let us go to the Salle des Séances," he added. "Since things have come to such a pass, let us afford the genuine and living spectacle of an 18th Brumaire."

They all repaired to the Hall of Assembly. The passage was free. The Salle Casimir-Périer was not yet occupied by the soldiers.

They numbered about sixty. Several were girded with their scarfs of office. They entered the Hall meditatively.

There M. De Rességuier, undoubtedly with a good purpose, and in order to form a more compact group, urged that they should all install themselves on the right side.

"No," said Marc Dufraisse; "every one to his bench." They scattered themselves about the Hall, each in his usual place.

M. Monet, who sat on one of the lower benches of the Left Centre, held in his hand a copy of the Constitution.

Several minutes elapsed. No one spoke. It was the silence of expectation which precedes decisive deeds and final crises, and during which every one seems to respectfully listen to the last instructions of his conscience.

Suddenly the soldiers of the *Gendarmerie Mobile*, headed by a captain with his sword drawn, appeared on the threshold. The Hall of Assembly was violated. The Representatives rose from their seats simultaneously, shouting, "Vive la République!"

The Representative Monet alone remained standing, and in a loud and indignant voice, which resounded through the empty hall like a trumpet, ordered the soldiers to halt.

The soldiers halted, looking at the Representatives with a bewildered air.

The soldiers as yet only blocked up the lobby of the Left, and had not passed beyond the Tribune.

Then the Representative Monet read the Articles 36, 37, and 68 of the Constitution.

Articles 36 and 37 established the inviolability of the Representatives. Article 68 deposed the President in the event of treason.

That moment was a solemn one. The soldiers listened in silence.

The Articles having been read, Representative D'Adelsward, who sat on the first lower bench of the Left, and who was nearest to the soldiers, turned toward them and said:

"Soldiers, you see that the President of the Republic is a traitor, and would make traitors of you. You violate the sacred precinct of National Representation. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of the Law, we order you to withdraw."

While Adelsward was speaking, the major commanding the *Gendarmerie Mobile* had entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have orders to request you to retire, and, if you do not withdraw of your own accord, to expel you."

"Orders to expel us!" exclaimed Adelsward; and all the Representatives added: "Whose orders? Let us see the orders! Who signed the orders?"

The major drew forth a paper and unfolded it. No sooner had he unfolded it than he attempted to replace it in his pocket, but General Leydet threw himself upon him and seized his arm. Several Representatives leaned forward and read the order for the expulsion of the Assembly, signed "Fortoul, Minister of the Marine."

Marc Dufraisse turned toward the *Gens-d'armes Mobiles*, and cried out to them:

"Soldiers, your very presence here is an act of treason. Leave the Hall."

The soldiers seemed undecided. Suddenly a second column emerged from the door on the right, and, at a signal from the commander, the captain shouted,

"Forward! Turn them all out!"

Then began an indescribable hand-to-hand fight between the gens-d'armes and the legislators. The soldiers, with their guns in their hands, invaded the benches of the Senate. Répellin, Chanay, Rantion, were forcibly torn from their seats. Two gens-d'armes rushed upon Marc Dufraisse, two upon Gambon. A long struggle took place on the first bench of the Right, the same place where MM. Odillon Barrot and Abbatucci were in the habit of sitting. Paulin Durrieu resisted violence by force; it needed three men to drag him from his bench. Monet was thrown down upon the benches of the Commissaries. They seized Adelsward by the throat and thrust him outside the Hall. Richardet, a feeble man, was thrown down and brutally treated. Some were pricked with the points of the bayonets; nearly all had their clothes torn.

The commander shouted to the soldiers, "Rake them out!"

It was thus that sixty Representatives of the People were taken by the collar by the *Coup d'État* and driven from their seats. The manner in which the deed was executed completed the treason. The physical performance was worthy of the moral performance.

The three last to come out were Fayolle, Teillard-Latérisse, and Paulin Durrieu.

They were allowed to pass by the great door of the Palace, and they found themselves in the Place Bourgogne.

The Place Bourgogne was occupied by the Forty-second Regiment of the Line, under the orders of Colonel Garderens.

Between the Palace and the statue of the Republic, which occupied the centre of the square, a piece of artillery was pointed at the Assembly, opposite the great door.

By the side of the cannon some Chasseurs de Vincennes were loading their guns and biting their cartridges.

Colonel Garderens was on horseback near a group of soldiers which attracted the attention of the Representatives Teillard-Latérisse, Fayolle, and Paulin Durrieu.

In the middle of this group three men, who had been arrested, were struggling vigorously, crying, "Long live the Constitution! Vive la République!"

Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse approached, and recognized in the three prisoners three members of the majority, Representatives Toupet-des-Vignes, Radoubt Lafosse, and Arbey.

Representative Arbey was warmly protesting. As he raised his voice, Colonel Garderens cut him short with these words, which are worthy of preservation:

"Hold your tongue! One word more, and I will have you clubbed with the butt end of a musket."

The three Representatives of the Left indignantly called upon the colonel to release their colleagues.

"Colonel," said Fayolle, "you break the law threefold."

"I will break it sixfold," answered the colonel; and he arrested Fayolle, Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse.

The soldiers were ordered to conduct them to the guard-house of the Palace then being built for the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On the way the six prisoners, marching between a double file of bayonets, met three of their colleagues—Representatives Eugène Sue, Chanay, and Benoît (du Rhône).

Eugène Sue placed himself before the officer who commanded the detachment, and said to him,

"We summon you to set our colleagues at liberty."

"I can not do so," answered the officer.

"In that case, complete your crimes," said Eugène Sue. "We summon you to arrest us also."

The officer arrested them.

They were taken to the guard-house of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and, later on, to the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay. It was not till night that two companies of the line came to transfer them to this ultimate resting-place.

While placing them between his soldiers, the commanding officer bowed down to the ground, politely remarking, "Gentlemen, my men's guns are loaded."

The clearance of the Hall was carried out, as we have said, in a disorderly fashion, the soldiers pushing the Representatives before them through all the outlets.

Some, and among the number those of whom we have just spoken, went out by the Rue de Bourgogne; others were dragged through the Salle des Pas Perdus toward the grating opposite the Pont de la Concorde.*

The Salles des Pas Perdus has an antechamber, a sort of cross-way room, upon which opened the staircase of the High Tribune, and several doors, among others the great glass door of the gallery which leads to the apartments of the President of the Assembly.

As soon as they had reached this cross-way room, which adjoins the little rotunda, where the side door of exit of the Palace is situated, the soldiers set the Representatives free.

There, in a few moments, a group was formed, in which the Representatives Canet and Favreau began to speak. One universal cry was raised, "Let us search for Dupin! let us drag him here if it is necessary!"

They opened the glass door and rushed into the Gallery. This time M. Dupin was at home. M. Dupin, having learned that the gens-d'armes had cleared out the Hall, had come out of his hiding-place. The Assembly being thrown prostrate, Dupin stood erect. The Law being made prisoner, this man felt himself set free.

The group of Representatives, led by MM. Canet and Favreau, found him in his study.

There a dialogue ensued. The Representatives summoned the President to put himself at their head and to re-enter the hall—he, the man of the Assembly, with them, the men of the Nation.

M. Dupin refused point-black, maintained his ground, was very firm, and clung bravely to his nonentity.

"What do you want me to do?" said he, mingling with his alarmed protests many law maxims and Latin quotations—an instinct of chattering jays, who pour forth all their vocabulary when they are frightened. What do you want me to do? Who am I? What can I do? I am nothing. No one is any longer any thing. *Ubi nihil, nihil.* Might is there. Where there is Might, the people lose their Rights. *Novus nascitur ordo.* Shape your course accordingly. I am obliged to submit. *Dura lex, sed lex.* A law of necessity we admit, but not a law of right. But what is to be done? I ask to be let alone. I can do nothing. I do what I can. I am not wanting in good-will. If I had a corporal and four men I would have them killed.

"This man only recognizes force," said the Representatives. "Very well, let us employ force."

They used violence toward him; they girded him with a scarf like a cord round his neck, and, as they had said, they dragged him toward the Hall, begging for his "liberty," moaning, kicking—I would say wrestling, if the word were not too exalted.

Some minutes after the clearance of this Salle des Pas Perdus, which had just witnessed Representatives pass by in the clutch of *gens-d'armes*, saw M. Dupin in the clutch of the Representatives.

They did not get far. Soldiers barred the great green folding-doors. Colonel Espinasse hurried thither, the commander of the gendarmerie came up. The butt ends of a pair of pistols were seen peeping out of the commander's pocket.

The colonel was pale, the commander was pale, M. Dupin was livid. Both sides were afraid. M. Dupin was afraid of the colonel; the colonel assuredly was not afraid of M. Dupin, but behind this laughable and miserable figure he saw a terrible phantom rise up—his crime—and he trembled. In Homer there is a scene where Nemesis appears behind Thersites.

M. Dupin remained for some moments stupefied, bewildered, and speechless.

The Representative Gambon exclaimed to him, "Now then, speak, M. Dupin, the Left does not interrupt you."

Then, with the words of the Representatives at his back, and the bayonets of the soldiers at his breast, the unhappy man spoke. What his mouth uttered at this moment, what the President of the sovereign Assembly of France stammered to the gens-d'armes at this intensely critical moment, no one could gather.

Those who heard the last gasps of this moribund cowardice hastened to purify their ears. It appears, however, that he stuttered forth something like this:

"You are Might, you have bayonets; I invoke Right, and I leave you. I have the honor to wish you good-day."

He went away.

They let him go. At the moment of leaving he turned round and let fall a few more words. We will not gather them up. History has no rag-picker's basket.

IX.

AN END WORSE THAN DEATH.

We should have been glad to have put aside, never to have spoken of him again, this man who had borne for three years this most honorable title, President of the National Assembly of

* This grating was closed on December 2, and was not re-opened until the 12th March, when M. Louis Bonaparte came to inspect the works of the Hall of the Corps Législatif.

France, and who had only known how to be lackey to the majority. He contrived in his last hour to sink even lower than could have been believed possible even for him. His career in the Assembly had been that of a valet, his end was that of a scullion.

The unprecedented attitude that M. Dupin assumed before the gens-d'armes, when uttering with a grimace his mockery of a protest, even engendered suspicion. Gambon exclaimed, "He resists like an accomplice. He knew all."

We believe these suspicions to be unjust. M. Dupin knew nothing. Who, indeed, among the organizers of the *Coup d'État* would have taken the trouble to make sure of his joining them? Corrupt M. Dupin? was it possible? And, further, to what purpose? To pay him? Why? It would be money wasted, when fear alone was enough. Some connivances are secured before they are sought for. Cowardice is the old fawner upon felony. The blood of the law is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who holds the poniard comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge.

Dupin took refuge in his study. They followed him.

"My God!" he cried, "can't they understand that I want to be left in peace?"

In truth, they had tortured him ever since the morning, in order to extract from him an impossible scrap of courage.

"You ill-treat me worse than the gens-d'armes," said he.

The Representatives installed themselves in his study, seated themselves at his table, and while he groaned and scolded in an arm-chair, they drew up a formal report of what had just taken place, as they wished to leave an official record of the outrage in the archives.

When the official report was ended, Representative Canet read it to the President, and offered him a pen.

"What do you want me to do with this?" he asked.

"You are the President," answered Canet. "This is our last sitting. It is your duty to sign the official report."

This man refused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RUSSIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

The great war between Russia and the Turks a hundred years ago shows with what remorseless energy human passions repeat themselves, and how the dreadful circumstances of the present contest were more than paralleled in the earlier struggles of the two opposing powers. CATHERINE II., in 1765, sat on the Russian throne eager for what was then called glory, careless of the infinite misery she brought upon mankind; intelligent, desperate, daring, fond of the fierce excitements of warfare and the maddest achievements of peace. She had already resolved to divide or govern Poland, and possibly had already prepared to stimulate all Russia with a religious fervor for the conquest of Constantinople. It is, indeed, remarkable how constantly the religious element has entered into all these barbarous contests, and how the Greek, the Roman Catholic, and the Mohammedan have covered Eastern Europe with the ceaseless horrors of fanatical warfare. In the year 1765, the persecutions of the dissidents or Protestants of Poland by their Roman Catholic masters had reduced that powerful kingdom to anarchy and weakness. Once the seat of universal toleration, Poland had risen to great prosperity; but it fell under the rule of fanatical priests; its armies attacked and overran Russia with barbarous severity. The Greek Church fell before its Western rival, and for a moment a Polish and a Roman Catholic king sat on the throne of the Czars, and Moscow was profaned by the unholy rites of heretical Rome. And now CATHERINE II. was about to avenge upon the Poles the long series of insults and injuries they had inflicted upon the Russian realm. A fierce mad persecution of the Protestants and the Greeks had been renewed in Poland by the papal priests. SOLTYK, the fanatical Bishop of Cracow, and the Diet of 1766, persisted in their severities; the Protestants and the Greeks appealed for aid to London, Berlin, St. Petersburg; and CATHERINE sent her armies to protect the liberal Poles or to subject the divided state. A dreadful civil war arose; the Russians were pitiless and cruel; and the Roman Catholic Poles, the persecutors who had invoked upon their country the misery of anarchy and foreign invasion, who had deserved by their folly the terrible penalties that were to fall upon them, claimed in their distress the aid of the Ottoman Porte.

In that age Turkey still retained the immense empire it had won under its early chiefs; it ruled all the shores of the Black Sea, the upper bank of the Danube, Syria, Egypt, Greece; and although declined in energy, it was still one of the great powers of Europe—the master of the destiny of the East. Its fleets ruled the Mediterranean; the fame of its corsairs was still terrible to Europe and America; the pirates of Tunis and Algiers still held that reign of terror with which they had so long affrighted civilization and alarmed the coasts of Italy and Spain. Turkey in 1766, the head of the Moslem faith, was not unwilling to check the growth of the Russian power; and when the Roman Catholic faction in Poland called for its aid, the Porte at once forbade CATHERINE from molesting its allies, the Poles. CATHERINE, in reply, covered miserable Poland with her armies, and amidst scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, held fast hold upon her prey. The Roman Catholic confederates once more appealed to Turkey; the Porte threw the Russian ambassador at Constantinople into prison, and made war upon Russia; the Ottoman Empire resounded with preparations, and the Turks declared that an army of five hundred thousand men should at once invade the Russian realm. Never had Turkey shown such wide martial activity since her Vizier had appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Moslem armies and the Roman Catholic Poles seemed to promise the destruction of the Russian power itself; Turkey to have renewed the energy that had so often threatened the subjugation of Germany, and almost of Europe. But the event was disastrous to both. Poland came out from the contest wasted and fallen, to become the prey of foreign powers, and the policy of her ultramontane faction ended as ever in the ruin of the country they had oppressed and misled. To Turkey the war brought a complete and almost final overthrow, and never had the Russians seemed so near the conquest of Constantinople as when their victorious fleets and armies encircled the Ottoman Empire.

In 1769–70 the Russian armies threw themselves upon the great host of their enemies, and dissipated them almost in a moment. No Turkish force, however brave or patriotic, could resist the march of the Northern invaders; the Tartars in the Crimea fought bravely on the side of the Sultan, but they fell easily before the Russian arms. ROMANZOFF, the hero of the war, broke into the great northern provinces of Turkey, and forced his way to the Danube. On the banks of the Pruth he defeated an army of eighty thousand Turks; he pursued them, and at its mouth, in a difficult country, found himself assailed by a force of one hundred and fifty thousand men. ROMANZOFF had only eighteen thousand. The Turkish Vizier surrounded him with his forces; the Russians were assailed on all sides; their enemies were brave and patient; but ROMANZOFF, desperate and undismayed, ordered a bayonet charge that pierced the immense masses of the Turks, and drove them, beaten and decimated, from the field. His small army defeated ten times its own number; the Turks seemed no longer capable of resistance to Russian energy; and CATHERINE II. fixed her sway over the rich provinces that bordered the Black Sea. Still more remarkable were the Russian victories on the water; for the first time a Russian fleet sailed out of Cronstadt, to the wonder of all Europe, crossed the Bay of Biscay, entered the Mediterranean, disturbed the haunts of the Turkish corsairs, and met the enemy in the Archipelago. It was commanded, in fact, by a British sailor, GREIG, and many of its officers were Englishmen. The Greek coasts, enslaved and oppressed, saw with wonder and enthusiasm the Russian flag wave over their distant seas; the Turkish fleet approached, and at last, in a terrible naval contest, one of the most horrible known to history, was almost wholly destroyed. The Ægean ran red with the blood of innumerable Turks and the blaze of their finest squadrons; the way lay open to Constantinople; the Greeks were ready to revolt; Egypt was already in insurrection against the Porte; and the unstable empire, which has since seemed so often about to fall, was at this moment apparently nearer its dissolution than in all its later perils.

Meanwhile all the horrors of warfare had descended upon the unhappy East. This one example alone might prove the truth of Dean COLET's maxim, that an unjust peace is better than the most just war. For famine, pestilence, despair, gathered over those fair lands which had been plunged into their misery by the ultramontane politicians of Warsaw. But the chief of their woes was the pestilence. The victorious Russian armies had caught the contagion from the Turks, and introduced it wherever they came. It broke out in Moscow; thousands died; the superstitious people rose in mad riots, and were suppressed by force; the whole south of Russia and a part of Poland were desolated by this irresistible destroyer; and the hostile armies that were waiting to devour each other were decimated and put to flight by a mightier foe. It would be useless to describe the general calamities of mankind in this fatal era. They were alleviated by a temporary peace, and the cession of some portion of the Black Sea coast to Russia. The war soon broke out again, when CATHERINE seized upon the Crimea, and looked with covetous eyes upon Constantinople and the Dardanelles; she named her grandson CONSTANTINE, and almost openly avowed to Europe her design of seating him upon the throne of the Byzantine CÆSARS. But in the mean time a series of important events had changed the whole course of European politics. The American Revolution and the armed neutrality had estranged England from Russia. The French Revolution startled the Eastern nations; in the general war that desolated the West, not less disastrous than that which had afflicted the East, Russia became a kind of umpire for Europe, and CATHERINE II., with her dominions immensely extended, her wealth, her apparently boundless resources, seemed to hold in her hands the destiny of mankind. England and Austria were her suppliants for aid against the rising power of the Revolution; once more she resolved to claim for her grandson the throne of Constantinople, to drive the Turks from Europe, and found anew a Christian empire in the South. Again Turkey seemed to await the ruin that had fallen upon Poland; but death seized upon the remorseless woman (1796) who had been the cause of so many scenes of carnage and despair, and Constantinople was safe.

More than three-quarters of a century has passed since the wild dream of conquest filled all Russia, and peace has seldom long prevailed in those Eastern lands. More than once the Russians have seemed ready to enter Constantinople, and have been held back chiefly by the jealousy of England and France. The CONSTANTINES, the ALEXANDERS of the North, still claim a descent from PHILIP of Macedon, and a shadowy title to the conquests of his invincible son; and it is worthy of notice how often in human affairs these baseless or doubtful traditions have stimulated important events, and stirred the depths of public and private life. NICHOLAS was prepared to fix his grasp upon the Sick Man of the East, when the West forbade him; and he died defeated and chagrined. His successor finds the Western powers divided, the intelligence of Europe advanced, and no Christian nation willing to assist in defending the odious rule of the Turks. It may be hoped that this struggle between the two races may be the last. Its horrible traits have been equalled in no modern war. But its atrocities seem confined to the Turks and their oppressed subjects; and if the Russians conquer, they have at least the fairest opportunity to show their humanity and forbearance, and diffuse a lasting peace over the war-worn East. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

PRESIDENT HAYES IN VIRGINIA.

On page 900 will be found a series of interesting sketches of the State Agricultural Fair recently held at Richmond, Virginia. The grounds were extensive and tastefully arranged, and the agricultural and mechanical exhibits sent in profusion from every part of the State displayed to great advantage the immense resources of Virginia, and the strong inducements which the Old Dominion offers to people who are seeking new homes. During the continuance of the fair the grounds and buildings were thronged with visitors, who could not fail to note the striking evidences of the fast returning prosperity of the State.

Among the pleasant incidents of the fair was the visit of President HAYES and several members of his cabinet, who were present by invitation of Governor KEMPER. The President was every where received with great enthusiasm. At the fair grounds he made a brief felicitous address, in which he paid a deserved tribute to the attractions of Virginia. After referring to her cheap lands, ready market, and comparatively light taxation, he continued: "These material advantages are supplemented by others which, to the intelligent emigrant, are very strong and attractive. Take the educational advantages. I think few States have done so much as Virginia to improve their system of education for both races. It is very good, and it is increasing. It is not yet what Governor KEMPER and you would be glad to have it, every where, but the sentiment of popular education is gradually growing. Does some one say there is prejudice against new-comers? Descending, myself, from one of the earliest settlers of Ohio, I know how the old settlers felt toward the new men. At the same time I do not desire to repel the coming of good citizens from every quarter. Is there danger of that in Virginia? I have made some inquiry, and I believe Virginia, upon that question, stands where she should stand. I believe a good citizen, desiring to improve his condition, who comes to make a home in Virginia for himself and his children after him, will find here all the privileges, rights, benefits, hospitality, and friendship that belong to good citizenship of the best-regulated American society."

The President's remarks were loudly applauded, and it was evident that he had not exaggerated the sentiments of the people of Virginia in regard to new settlers in that State. He made a most pleasant impression on all who heard him.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday, 18.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 30.—St. Andrew, the Apostle.

The English Church Congress opened October 9, with a great attendance of Churchmen of all schools. The interest of the first day centred in the address of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. TAIT is always clear, and has the habit of looking on both sides of public questions. He took occasion to remind his clerical brethren that the real work of the world is not done in public assemblies, however large. "Archbishop WHATELY," he stated, "was wont to say that we might learn a lesson from the steam-engine, for the louder the noise it made, the less was the progress of the machine." Points of this kind, which abounded in the address, were evidently relished by Dr. TAIT's auditors. Science and the Christian religion were both represented in the address of the Rev. C. PRITCHARD, the president of the Royal Astronomical Society and Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. In his essay on skepticism he called attention to the fact that human progress has proceeded from faith. "I do most emphatically deny," said the essayist, "that the progress of mankind in any one branch of knowledge or morality has been furthered by a skeptical spirit. All true knowledge of every kind has been born of faith. Skepticism is not the joyful mother of children. She is barren." As the essayists in the Congress are limited to twenty minutes each, complete discussion of any theme is not expected. It should be said that the *Rock*, the organ of the evangelical party in the national Church, characterizes the Congress as "a gigantic sham." The Congress closed October 11, after a most successful session. No doubt the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury as the presiding officer, and his appeal for moderation in his opening address, had their effect. Assent and dissent frequently were heard at the same moment, but no violent explosions of auger, such as have been known in other Congresses, occurred.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress opened in this city October 30. On that day "Church Architecture" was discussed. The discussion on the evening of the second day, of the "Relation of the Press to Popular Christianity in America," brought together a great crowd. The Hon. JOHN JAY read the essay, and the subject was discussed by ERASTUS BROOKS and Bishops DUDLEY and CLARK.

The announcement is made by Atlantic cable that the editor of the *Civilta Cattolica*, the organ of the Jesuits in Rome, has been expelled from the order for declaring in his paper that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is not essential to his primacy as the head of the Church. No particulars are given. The *Civilta Cattolica* has heretofore been one of the most thoroughgoing exponents of ultramontanism in all Europe.

The exodus of our Southern freedmen to Africa is, with some of them, getting beyond the talking stage. There is a "Liberian Exodus Association" in Charleston. A colored man named CAPPS is travelling through the State, and urging his people to go. He reports that fifty are ready to start this fall. At Selma, Alabama, one thousand freedmen are anxious to leave. As African colonization has thus far been managed by religious societies, its progress will naturally be a subject of great interest to the American Churches. There may be good in this movement, but there is danger of great evil. Emigrant freedmen should not only be young, but intelligent also. To crowd the west coast of Africa with illiterate and untrained blacks will damage the republic of Liberia, and fail to better the condition of the emigrants. The needs of the freedmen at present are schools and education in the mechanic arts. Trying to make an intelligent community in West Africa out of an ignorant and unskilled population from America is as philosophical as laboring to coax water to run up a hill.

At the last accounts the English company of revisers of the Old Testament had carried their work to the end of the Book of Jonah.

At the seventieth annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the State of New York, the receipts and expenditures for the year were reported to be $9589. The deficiency of receipts is $4835. There are 175 Baptist churches in the State that need the help of the Convention. It should be stated that the mission work of the Convention consists in aiding feeble Baptist churches within the limits of the State.

The Protestant Episcopal Triennial Convention adjourned on the evening of October 24. The new canon on divorce was adopted by the House of Deputies. The pastoral address of the bishops was read by the senior bishop, SMITH, when the proceedings closed.

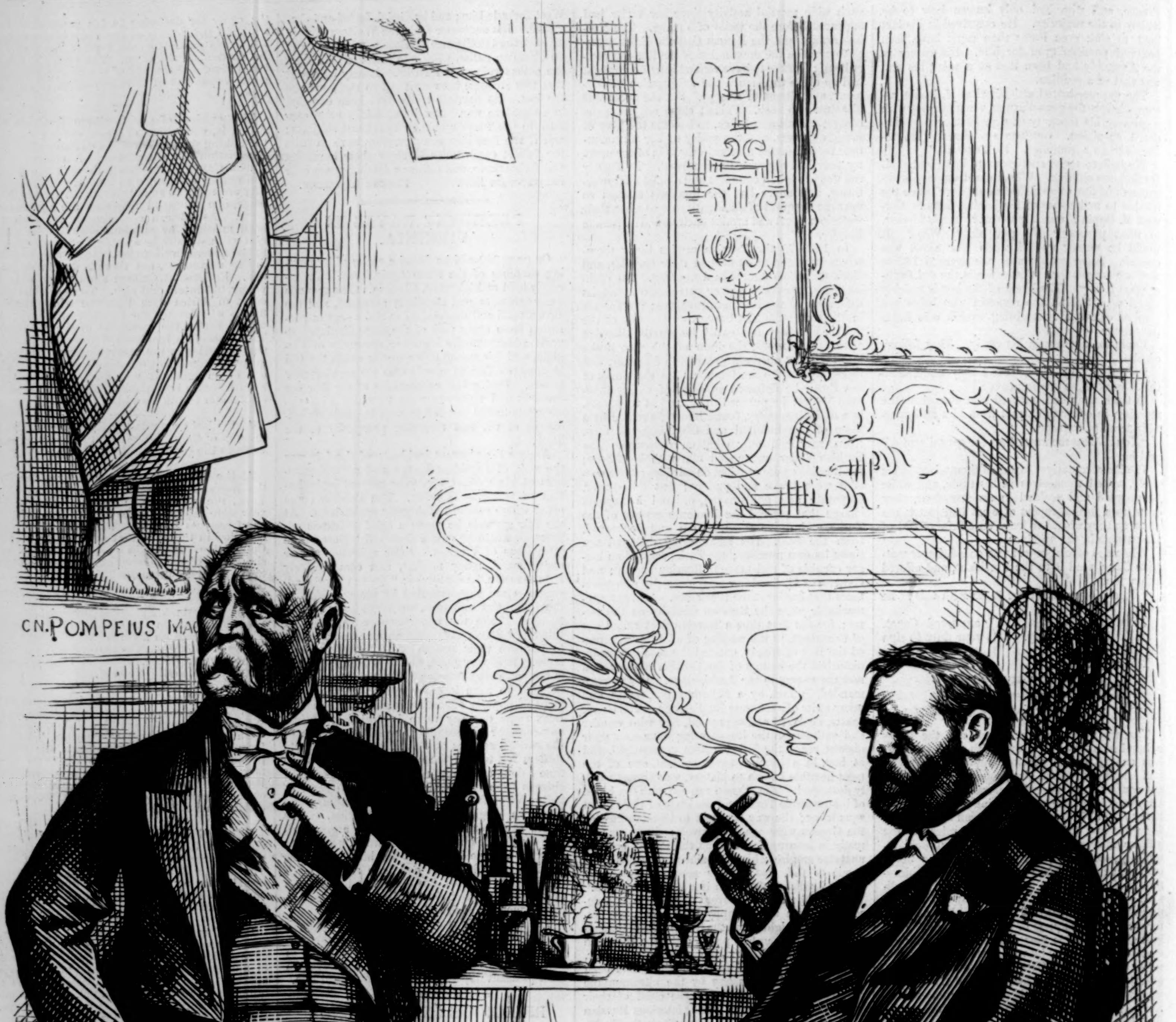
On the 24th of October two important religious Conventions assembled in Chicago—"the Woman's National Christian Union," and the "Universalist General Convention." Of the former Mrs. ANNE WITTENMEYER was elected president, and Miss FRANCES WILLARD secretary. J. W. D. JOY was chosen president of the Universalist Convention. The treasurer reported the receipts of the year to be $30,825, and the disbursements $28,875.

Bishop M'LAREN, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Illinois, has issued calls for Conventions to organize the new dioceses in that State. That for the Quincy diocese will be held December 11; that for the Springfield diocese, December 18. The Conventions will assemble in the cities named.

Poor CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS! he does not get his canonization. The Congregation at Rome have decided that the marks of saintship are not in him sufficiently distinct to warrant his admission to the ranks of the blessed. Thus another Jesuit dream is dissipated. The promoters of the canonization have some of them spent laborious years proving his claims. Archives have been searched to clear up doubtful passages in his life. A legend of his miracle-working power was no doubt getting into shape. The discoverer of America as its patron saint would have captivated the imagination of the Church on this continent. It remains to be seen whether the project will be given up.

The discussion of the theses prepared by the Rev. Dr. KRAUTH in relation to "Pulpit and Altar Fellowship" occupied a large part of the time of the "General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church," which began its sessions in Philadelphia October 10. The first thesis states that in the "Galesburg declaration the word 'rule' is not used in the sense of prescriptive regulation.... It was meant to be educational, not coercive, to prepare the mind of the Church for right action by the nurture of right convictions." The Council decided that subscription must be made to the following standards of doctrine by every Lutheran pastor: "The Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian creeds, the Augsburg Confession, the Apology, the Smalcald Articles, the Catechisms of LUTHER, and the Formula of Concord."

General ARMSTRONG, of Hampton, Virginia, whose labors for the education of our Southern freedmen have endeared him to his countrymen, described the needs of his clients to the American Missionary Association at Syracuse in a paper full of good sense. First of all he washed away the sentimentalism which has beclouded so many minds, and let in a flood of light upon the condition of the negro in the South. Of the *average* freedman, this is his description: "The difficulty with him is mainly a subjective one: himself, not his relations. His low ideas of life and duty, his weak conscience, his want of energy and thrift, his indolent, sensuous, tropical blood, are, rather than mere ignorance, the important and unfortunate facts about him. Ecclesiastical, marital, parental, and filial relations among the colored people are, by civilized standards, terribly wrong. Pastors and deacons can sell whiskey and lead loose lives without scandal; an ex-jail-bird returns to his former social position; in politics or society character goes for little or nothing. The oft-mentioned divorce between religion and morals never occurred; they never were united, and could not be." While seeing the facts and dealing with them so frankly, General ARMSTRONG is full of hope for the future of the freedmen, *provided always* that education in knowledge and character be given them. Of the free schools in the South he expresses the opinion that scarce one in ten is properly taught. It is evidence of the growing zeal of the Southern whites for the education of the colored race that the sum of $800,000 is now annually raised by taxation in the South for that purpose.



LES DEUX PRÉSIDENTS—ÉLYSÉE.

U. S. Grant to M'Mahon. "You will become accustomed to submitting: the President of a Republic must. And as for considering *this* an insult ('submit or resign'), come to U. S."

END OF THE NEZ PERCÉS WAR—SURRENDER OF CHIEF JOSEPH.—FROM SKETCHES IN THE FIELD.—[SEE PAGE 906.]

LAST FLOWERS.

O AUTUMN, with thy face set winter-wise,
Linger, I pray thee, in these ruined bowers,
And cast the parting splendor of thy eyes
Upon the steadfast beauty of thy flowers!
Gone are the gayer buds that Summer knew;
But, Autumn, thine are loyal, brave, and true.

See how the ardent Marigolds still lift
Their tawny faces, glowing with a smile!
Wilt thou not take a handful for a gift?
In them is neither flattery nor guile.
They are for thee: though sun and song be past,
Surely their constancy may win at last.

These starry Asters, beautiful and bold,
Sweet "after-thoughts of Summer," fair and bright;
Scented Chrysanthemums, with flowers of gold,
Or royal crimson, violet, and white—
Are they not thine?—for thee alone to bloom,
Until the snow shall shroud them for their tomb?

Purple Gerardia o'er the grassy sods,
Splendid Lobelia in their scarlet hoods,
On the way-side the stately Golden-rods,
The bronzing Lady-fern within the woods—
All wait on thee: constant and true they stand,
The last, the last of Summer's flowery band.

A moment stay, and clasp them to thy heart—
Their beauty and their love may claim this grace—
Kiss them farewell, ere sighing thou depart,
For they will perish when they lose thy face.
They have been faithful through thy fading hours,
And Autumn's death will kill the Autumn flowers.

THE SURRENDER OF JOSEPH.

ON September 30 Colonel MILES made a sudden attack on the enemy, whose camp was situated on a bench or flat in the creek bottom. The Indians occupied the crests of the surrounding hills, and repulsed the charge made on the right by three companies of the Seventh Cavalry. A line of dead horses marked the course of the charge; and the loss, either killed or wounded, of every commissioned officer but one, of every first sergeant, and many non-commissioned officers, told how coolly it was received. The lower sketch on page 905 shows the advance of the skirmish line. The men dismounted, tied their lariats round the left arm, and led their horses. Whenever a soldier stopped a moment, his horse would quietly graze—a strange sight on a battle-field! The Indians were finally forced to abandon their camp and to occupy the adjacent ravines, which were well protected from the fire, and which they honey-combed with pits and bomb-proofs. The Nez Percés occupied and held the crests on the north immediately overlooking their own position. Things remained in this condition until the surrender.

The same bugler who sounded "To the charge!" on the 30th, trumpeting the death-call of so many brave fellows, now blew the calming and welcome call of "Cease firing." The effect on the Indian camp was almost instantaneous. Where, a moment before, not a head was to be seen nor any sign of life, the ravines now swarmed with people, and little children capered in the sunshine and laughed in the face of death. They seemed to be the swarthy children of the earth, born in a moment, cast forth as if by magic.

General HOWARD arrived on October 4, bringing with him his two herders, "CAPTAIN JOHN" and "GEORGE," friendly Nez Percés. Both these men had daughters in the hostile camp. CAPTAIN JOHN is a friend of long standing to the whites. He fought by the side of STEPTOE, and helped him during his retreat. One parley with JOSEPH, held on the 2d of October, had been unsuccessful; but after much discussion with the chief, old CAPTAIN JOHN, with tears in his eyes, announced the surrender as concluded by JOSEPH's final reply.

Our artist was the only person present who committed the proceedings to writing, and took the reply as it fell from the lips of the speaker. JOSEPH's little girl was lost in the hills during the first day's fight, his brother was killed, his relatives dead or fugitives; he upheld now only a lost cause. His answer was: "Tell General HOWARD I know his heart. What he told me before, I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed; LOOKING-GLASS is dead, TA-HOOL-HOOL-SHUTE is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say 'Yes' or 'No.' He who led on the young men is dead. It is cold, and we have no blankets; the little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children, and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."

Attended by five warriors, he on horseback, they on foot, JOSEPH rode slowly up the hill, where General HOWARD and Colonel MILES stood to receive him. His hands were crossed on the pommel of the saddle, and his head was bowed upon his breast. After receiving him, General HOWARD and Colonel MILES mounted their horses, and accompanied the chief to MILES's tent.

After the surrender, the Indian stronghold was filled with eager and curious visitors, who for days had invested the place, yet unable to get even a glimpse of its arrangement. The ravines were so crooked as to prevent enfilade fire, and so protected by hills as to be safe from our sharp-shooters. The Indian rifle-pit from which the sketch was taken is the only point that affords any thing like a comprehensive view of the plan, and even from this standpoint much is unseen.

JOSEPH has a gentle face, somewhat feminine in its beauty, but intensely strong and full of character. A photograph could not do him justice. A bullet scratch has left a slight scar on his forehead. In each shirt sleeve and in the body of the shirt are bullet holes, and there was also a bullet hole in one of his leggings, a bullet scratch on his wrist, and one across the small of his back. Colonel MILES begged his shirt as a curiosity, so full was it of visible evidence that JOSEPH had been where lead was flying.

GEORGE A. HUSTON, the guide, is a man of sterling integrity and indomitable pluck. He is the most famous and reliable "Yellowstone guide," the hero of many a thrilling bear or Indian fight, told so modestly that you do not suspect him of being principal actor. He guided our column where no one else could take the lead, and brought us over the mountains two days nearer the Indians than we otherwise would have been.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MR. SCRATCHELL GOES TO LONDON.

THE short days and fireside evenings of December, and the festivities of Christmas, were to Sir Kenrick Culverhouse brief and fleeting as a dream when one awaketh. He had never been so happy in his life. To ride across the dull brown moorland with Beatrix, looking down upon the smiling village nestling in the hollow of the black hills; to sit by her side in the lamp-light, listening while she read or played—these things made the sum of his delight. Life had nothing for him beyond or above them. And thus the weeks slipped by till February, and the 10th of February was to be Sir Kenrick's wedding day. He had improved wonderfully in health by this time. His bent back had straightened itself. He was able to endure the fatigue of a day's fishing in the wintry wind and rain. He was altogether a changed man. Yorkshire breezes had done much for him, but happiness had done more. His countenance was radiant with that ever-present joy which made life sweet to him.

"How he loves you!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer to Beatrix one day, in a rapture of admiration for her protégé. "I never saw a man so devoted."

"Do you really think he is so very fond of me?" asked Beatrix, gravely.

"My dear, how sad and distressed you look!—as if his love were a thing to be sorry about. Yes, I do think and know so. Can you for a moment doubt it?"

"I have fancied that our marriage was on both sides rather one of convenience than inclination. He can give me the protection of an honorable name; my fortune can free his estate. We like each other very much—and—I hope—esteem each other. But I don't think there is much love on either side. He makes pretty speeches, of course. That is a compliment to my sex and my fortune. You remember that Solon insisted that heiresses should be treated with particular respect."

"I know nothing about Solon," exclaimed the Vicar's wife, getting angry, "but I know that poor dear young man is passionately in love with you. Why, child, he idolizes you. One can see it with half an eye."

"Then I am very sorry for him," said Beatrix; and there was an earnestness in her tone that startled the easy-tempered Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Sorry that your affianced husband is devoted to you! My dear Beatrix, you must be going out of your mind."

"I sometimes think I am," answered Beatrix, in a low voice.

This conversation occurred about a fortnight before the wedding day. It made Mrs. Dulcimer very uncomfortable, but she said no word about it to any body, not even to her chosen confidante, Rebecca.

Was it possible, poor Mrs. Dulcimer asked herself, that this match, the crowning glory of all her efforts, was going to turn out ill?

Beatrix sent for Mr. Scratchell next day, and received him alone in her morning-room.

"I suppose you know that Sir Kenrick's estate is heavily encumbered," she said.

"Yes," answered the lawyer. "Of course that will be considered in the settlements. It will be my care to protect your interests."

"Never mind my interests or the settlements yet awhile. I want to pay off those mortgages before there is any question of settlements."

"You pay them off—before you are Sir Kenrick's wife! My dear Miss Harefield, what an extraordinary notion!"

"I can not see that. My money is to release the estate sooner or later. That is an understood thing between Sir Kenrick and me. Why should I not do it before I am his wife? I, Beatrix Harefield, for him, as my future husband, am surely able to pay off these mortgages."

"Any body can pay off a mortgage," answered the lawyer; "but there is some hazard in such a proceeding. Suppose Sir Kenrick were to die before your wedding day—or were to offend you? Marriages are sometimes broken off, you know. At the church door, even. Then, again, remember the estate is strictly entailed. Sir Kenrick has no power to settle it upon you. Failing a son of yours, it will go at his death to his cousin Cyril—Ah! I see that fact rather startles you," said the unconscious lawyer, perceiving that Beatrix paled at the mention of her lost lover's name. "These are serious considerations," urged Mr. Scratchell. "I should strongly recommend you not to touch those mortgages with your little finger until you have two or three sons of your own. Why should you throw away fifty thousand pounds for Mr. Cyril Culverhouse's ultimate benefit?"

"It will be for Sir Kenrick's benefit as long as he lives."

"Yes, but Sir Kenrick may not be a long-lived man. I don't want to make you unhappy about him, but I don't think he looks like one. And then there are the fortunes of war. He may be killed in battle. He had a narrow escape last time. It would be absurd for you to risk fifty thousand pounds upon such a life as his."

"Absurd or not, I am going to run the risk," answered Beatrix, with a firmness that scared Mr. Scratchell. "In a twelvemonth I shall be of age to do what I like with my money without consulting any body. You may just as well make yourself agreeable while I am in your power, and let me have my own way."

Mr. Scratchell hesitated, sorely perplexed. To make himself disagreeable to Beatrix, even in the endeavor to protect her interests, might be fatal. Women are such self-willed, unreasonable creatures, he argued within himself. If he thwarted her in this ridiculous whim, she might resent his conduct all her life. In a year, as she had reminded him, she would be sole mistress of her fortune. She might dismiss him from his agency, which would be simple and unmitigated ruin. He was as dependent upon the Harefield estate for sustenance as a barnacle on a ship's bottom. In a word, he could not afford to offend her.

"You have another trustee to consult," he suggested.

"Mr. Dulcimer? Oh, I know he will consent."

"Because he's a fool."

"No; because he's a generous-minded man, and would like to see Sir Kenrick's estate set free."

"Humph!" muttered the lawyer. "It's a foolish business altogether. And pray where is the money to come from?"

"Have I not stocks or shares or something that can be turned into money immediately?"

"Yes, you have a nice little fortune in consols and railway debentures. We might scrape up about thirty thousand that way, perhaps."

"Then you can mortgage the Lincolnshire estate for the other twenty thousand."

"Mortgage one estate—your own—to set free your husband's! Was there ever any thing so preposterous?"

"I take a warm interest in one estate, and no interest in the other," answered Beatrix. "What is the good of property if one can not do what one likes with it?"

"My dear Miss Harefield, that is the spendthrift's argument."

"I am no spendthrift, but I want to gratify myself in this one matter. Now, dear Mr. Scratchell, pray be agreeable. Go up to London this afternoon, see Sir Kenrick's lawyers, sell out the stocks and shares and things, raise the twenty thousand on the Lincolnshire land, and get every thing done by this day week."

"Impossible, my dear young lady."

"Nothing is impossible to a clever family solicitor. Remember, Mr. Scratchell, if you accomplish this thing for me, I shall always consider myself deeply bound to you. It is a favor I shall never forget."

"I don't think I shall be serving you well in this business."

"You will be doing what I wish. I'll run and put on my bonnet, and we'll go at once to Mr. Dulcimer to get his consent. You must catch the two-o'clock train from Great Yafford. My carriage can drive you over."

Beatrix rang and ordered the carriage to be got ready immediately, and to follow them on to the Vicarage. Her impetuosity bewildered Mr. Scratchell. She ran out of the room, and re-appeared in a minute or so in her bonnet and fur jacket. He felt himself revolving in a whirlpool. To leave his home at half an hour's notice and go tearing off to London! He was rather pleased at the idea of a visit to London at a client's expense. Travelling, hotel charges, every thing, paid for him on the highest level. He had not seen the metropolis for ten years. It would be an outing such as he had never had in his life before. He began to hope that Mr. Dulcimer would consent to his ward's wild scheme.

They found the Vicar in his beloved library, surrounded with bulky folios, his feet on the fender and his mind a thousand miles away with the primitive Aryan races. He was tracing the footsteps of a nomadic Indian tribe westward to Greece, where they were to crop up by-and-by as the Heraclidæ.

"My dear Beatrix," he said, "the more I ruminate upon the subject, the more I am convinced that the Mosaic account is true, and that all the races of man have sprung from one common centre—in the East."

"Then how do you account for the woolly-headed niggers, and the Laplanders, and the people with pink eyes?" inquired Mr. Scratchell.

"Climate, my dear Sir, climate. A question of atmospheric influences."

"Dear Mr. Dulcimer, I have come to ask you a favor," said Beatrix.

"It is granted beforehand, dear child," said the Vicar, kissing her hand.

The Aryan races had been particularly amenable to Mr. Dulcimer that morning, and the Vicar, always good-tempered, was absolutely overflowing with benevolence.

"Oh, but this is a very serious matter," interposed Mr. Scratchell, anxious to do his duty. "You'll have to give it your grave consideration."

"I am all attention," replied Mr. Dulcimer, with one eye on the Heraclidæ.

Beatrix explained her desire to set Sir Kenrick's estate free.

"Well, my love, you have always intended to pay off those mortgages after your marriage, have you not?" asked the Vicar, with a business-like air.

"Certainly."

"Then I can not see that it makes any difference whether you pay them off before or after. It is somewhat Quixotic, perhaps, to take time by the forelock in this way, but it can do no harm, and it will afford Kenrick another evidence of your noble and generous character."

Mr. Scratchell did not feel himself called upon to explain to the Vicar all those objections which he had already expounded to Beatrix. If these people liked to make fools of themselves, it was not for him to hinder them. His own interest clearly lay in pleasing Miss Harefield. To do otherwise would be to take the bread out of the mouths of his innocent offspring. And then there was the tempting idea of a holiday in London, and the prospect of a longish bill of costs at the end of all. Decidedly it would be sheer madness stubbornly to oppose this romantic young lady's caprice.

Miss Harefield's carriage was waiting at the Vicarage gate.

"It's a quarter past twelve," she said, looking at her watch. "You have just an hour and three-quarters to pack your carpet-bag and drive to the station. Pray don't miss the two-o'clock train. You know where to find Sir Kenrick's lawyers?"

"Yes."

"Remember, Sir Kenrick is to know nothing about what we are doing. You are to make that a condition with his lawyers. He is to know nothing till I choose to tell him. It will not be later than our wedding day."

"But the settlements?"

"I will have no settlements," said Beatrix, impatiently.

"My dear Miss Harefield, you must be mad."

"At any rate, I will have no settlements that can interfere with my payment of those mortgages. That is a free gift to Sir Kenrick—as much as if I were to give you a hundred-pound note. I never want to hear about it, or to think more about it. I look upon the fifty thousand pounds as gone, sunk at the bottom of a well."

"You are a most extraordinary young lady."

"If you waste your time in wondering at me, you will lose the London train."

Mr. Scratchell got into the carriage obediently, and was driven to his own house, where his apparition in a brougham drawn by a pair of spirited horses caused wonder and consternation in all the household. That wonder increased when Mr. Scratchell informed his family that he was going to London on particular business for Miss Harefield, that he wanted a carpet-bag packed with three or four shirts, his best—meaning those that were not too conspicuously frayed at the edges of the pleats and collars—and that his wife and children were to look sharp, and not bother him with questions.

Poor Mrs. Scratchell ran off in a flutter to explore her husband's wardrobe, in which every thing was more or less the worse for wear, except the new suit he had bought for his daughter's wedding. The girls and boys meanwhile surrounded their father, like the merchant's daughters in the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, each anxious that he should bring something from London.

"Bring me a new silk dress, papa. If you are going on Miss Harefield's business, you will get lots of money," pleaded Clementina.

"Do bring me a winter bonnet, papa—black velvet lined with pink," asked Flora.

"You might get us a cricket bat, father," said Adolphus, a boy who always spoke of himself in the plural, as if to intensify his insignificance.

"Go and cut me some sandwiches, girls, and mix me a little weak gin and water in a bottle," said Mr. Scratchell. "It will be night before I get to London."

"And then you will go to a hotel, I suppose. Won't you be grand!" cried Clementina, who fancied that the people who staid at hotels were a splendid and luxurious race, apart from the mass of mankind.

"I shall stay at Sam's Coffee-House, in the Strand," said Mr. Scratchell, with a conscientious air. "I am not going to waste Miss Harefield's money on fine hotels."

A quarter of an hour later and Mr. Scratchell had torn himself from the bosom of his family, and was being driven at a brisk trot toward Great Yafford.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE SECOND MRS. PIPER.

BELLA was reigning at the Park in all the glory of new-fledged royalty; her husband fascinated and subservient; her step-children all packed off to school; the sober old Georgian barrack transformed by new furniture and improvements of all kinds. At his wife's urgent desire, Mr. Piper had bought the estate from Sir Philip Dulcimer, who, never having liked it, was very glad to turn it into money, which, carefully invested in railway shares, might bring him in five or six per cent. instead of a scanty two and a half. Mr. Piper was therefore now Mr. Dulcimer's patron, as Bella reflected with a thrill of pride. She had ascended a good many steps above poor Mrs. Dulcimer, who had been so patronizingly good-natured to her in the days of her poverty.

For the brief three months of his wedded life, Ebenezer Piper had been living in a state of chronic astonishment. "This little woman," as he called his wife, absolutely took his breath away. Her coolness, her self-assurance, her air of having been used to the possession of unlimited wealth from her babyhood, her insolence to people of higher rank—Lady Jane Gowry, for instance, and the Pynsents, and all the notabilities of Little Yafford—these things filled him with admiring surprise. She was not at all the kind of wife he had expected to find her. He had chosen her for her softness and pliability, and he found her hard and bright as some sparkling gem. He had expected to rule and govern her as easily as a little child, and, behold, she was ruling and governing him. He was too much under the spell of her fascination to complain—yet awhile; but this kind of thing was not at all what he had intended. He held himself in reserve. Never was there such a change in any household. A butler in solemn black, with a powdered footman for his assistant, took the place of the decent parlor-maid in her starched cap and apron.

The first Mrs. Piper had never consented to have in-door men-servants.

"My dear, why don't you keep a man?" Mr.

Piper had sometimes inquired. "He'd do much better than these girls of yours, who never quite know their business."

"Piper," his wife had answered, solemnly, "I am not going to bring you to ruin. The girls are bad enough, what with their extravagance and their followers, but a man would eat us out of house and home before we knew where we were."

"Please yourself, my dear," returned Mr. Piper, "and you'll please me."

Thus it was that the Piper establishment had been conducted upon a strictly middle-class footing.

Now every thing was on an aristocratic level. The present Mrs. Piper had a smart Frenchwoman for her own maid. She had a smart groom in top-boots, to sit behind her pony-carriage. When she drove in her barouche, the groom sat beside the coachman, and the two pairs of top-boots had a dazzling effect. Mr. Piper was rather astonished at the boot-maker's bill.

"My pet, here's no end of money to pay for top-boots," he remarked. "I can't say I see the use of 'em. Poor Moggie got on very well without top-boots."

"I hope you don't expect me to go out with a coachman in trousers!" exclaimed Bella. "I might as well have a fly from the Crown at once."

"My love, I should have thought that any kind of a carriage would have been a novelty to you, and that you'd hardly have been so particular about the livery," suggested Mr. Piper.

"I could have gone on foot all my life," said Bella; "but if I am to have a carriage, I must have it decently appointed. I don't want to hang between heaven and earth, like Mohammed's coffin."

Mohammed's coffin extinguished Mr. Piper. It had been flung at his head a good many times upon his venturing to object to his young wife's extravagance.

"And, after all, I am proud to see how well she does it," he said to himself, smiling an uxorious smile. "She's a regular little Duchess."

And thenceforward in familiar conversation Mr. Piper was apt to speak of his wife as "the Duchess."

The house—now having passed into his possession—was made so fine that Mr. Piper hardly knew himself in it. Persian carpets of vivid and various hues were spread on the black and white marble of the hall; brocaded satin curtains, violet lined with amber, veiled the doors between hall and conservatory. The drawing-room was pale blue and gold, a masterpiece of Nosotti's, with tall gilded stands for flowers in Sèvres china flower-pots.

The chief bedroom was apple-green. Every thing was radiant and smiling, dazzling with gold and gay colors.

"My word, it's like living in a bower," said Mr. Piper, and he hummed a song that was then not quite forgotten.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream."

Having made her house beautiful, Mrs. Piper's next desire naturally was to exhibit her splendors to the envious eyes of people with inferior houses. She therefore began to issue invitations on as large a scale as the neighborhood allowed. These were not all responded to as cordially as she would have wished. Lady Jane Gowry had honored Bella with a condescending call, but she flatly declined Mr. and Mrs. Piper's invitation to dinner, on the ground that at her age she could not afford to extend the circle of her visiting acquaintance.

"The people I dine with are people I have known for half a century," she wrote. "I am too old to go out often, so I only go to very old friends. But if you and Mr. Piper like to come and take a cup of tea with me any Tuesday evening, I shall be very happy to see you."

"After all, Lady Jane's chestnut wig and violet-powdered complexion are not much loss," said Bella.

"No, they ain't; but I should like to have taken the old woman in to dinner upon my arm before the Porkmans and the Wigzells," remarked Mr. Piper. "I don't believe they ever sat down to dinner with a title in the whole course of their natural lives. Wouldn't old Timperley have stared! Earls' daughters don't come his way often, I reckon."

Bella found that she would have to content herself in a great measure with the society of the Timperleys, the Porkmans, the Wigzells, and all the ramifications of those family trees. Every body in this set was rich, and the chief struggle of every body's life seemed to be to spend more money upon display than his or her neighbor. The men boasted of their cellars, and vied with each other in giving high prices for their wines. A few loftier spirits bought pictures, and talked patronizingly of their favorite Royal Academicians. They seemed to think that Frith and Millais had been created for them, like Holbein for Henry the Eighth, or Vandyck for Charles the First. They all lived in brand-new houses within ten miles of Great Yafford—houses built by themselves, all spick and span and fresh from the builder's hand, with not so much as an elderly apple-tree on the premises.

The county people had been condescendingly civil to the new Mrs. Piper; but that was all. They called upon her, and contemplated her with an icy stare, as if she had been a natural curiosity—something to wonder at, like the only living gorilla. She was asked to three large dinners, at which she felt herself less than nobody, though she wore laces and jewels enough for a dowager of ancient lineage. Bella, clever as she was, found that these people's thoughts were not her thoughts, nor their ways her ways, and that all the distance between the east and west was not wider than the gulf between her and the county families. But this need not be always so, she told herself. She was quick at learning languages, and would learn the jargon of the county families as easily as she had learned Italian. These scraps of social slang, these continual allusions to people she did not know and pleasures she had never shared, could hardly be so difficult as Dante.

Mr. Piper looked on and admired, while his young wife wasted his money, laughed at his friends, and made light of his opinions; but he was not altogether satisfied or easy in his mind. It would not be always so, he thought. There would come a day. The Duchess was carrying things with a high hand. It was, perhaps, just as well to let her have her fling. She was so unaccustomed to the command of money, poor little woman, that she might be forgiven for spending it somewhat recklessly. And, after all, this increased expenditure was pleasanter than poor Moggie's carefulness and perpetual lamentations about butchers' bills and pounds of butter. Mr. Piper liked his new butler, and was even, in his heart of hearts, not displeased with the powdered footman or the top-booted groom, though he affected to despise these follies. He felt himself on a level with the Timperleys in their bright red Tudor mansion, with its jutting windows and leaden lattices, its deep porch and iron-studded door, its gilded vane and many gables, at once intensely old and dazzlingly new. He was living as became his wealth and social status, living like the Porkmans and the Wigzells and the rest of his purse-proud acquaintance. The first Mrs. Piper had hung upon him like a log on a hobbled donkey, and had deprived him of all freedom with her everlasting economical scruples. He had been afraid to give a dinner party, knowing that for a month after there would be ceaseless wailings about the expense of the feast.

"Piper, have you any idea what grouse were when you asked Mr. Timperley to dinner last August?" Mrs. Piper would demand.

"I know the brace we had were uncommonly tough, and precious badly cooked," Mr. Piper would retort.

"They were twelve shillings a brace, Piper. Here's the poulterer's bill in black and white to prove it to you. I call it sinful to eat game at such a price. You know you ordered them, Piper. I should have inquired what they were to cost—but you never do."

"I wanted to give Timperley a decent dinner," Mr. Piper would reply. "Hang it, Moggie, when I go to Timperley's he feeds me on the fat of the land. Besides, we can afford it."

"Nobody can afford wanton extravagance," Mrs. Piper would groan; and this kind of conversation would occur daily.

Thus it was a new thing to Mr. Piper to have his domestic life administered with liberal-handed luxury, to hear no complaints about the misconduct of servants or the price of provisions, not to be awakened abruptly from his after-dinner nap to be told that bread had gone up a half-penny, or that Scrogfield was charging thirteen pence for fillet of veal.

"Upon my word, little woman," he exclaimed one day, delighted with his wife's cleverness, "you have made the house a paradise."

It was still more a paradise after Christmas, for the second Mrs. Piper, having found out that her step-daughters were sadly in want of dancing and calisthenics, which they could not possibly be taught properly at home, would be much benefited by being transplanted to Miss Turk's boarding-school, on the outskirts of Great Yafford, the school at which Mrs. Dulcimer and all the best people in the neighborhood had been educated under the aunts and predecessors of the two reigning Misses Turk.

Mr. Piper was rather disappointed, just at first, by this idea of Bella's. He had hoped to have his daughters always at home. They were troublesome, rude, and noisy, but still Mr. Piper liked them, as the gladiator liked his young barbarians.

"I thought you would have gone on teaching the girls, little woman," he said, with a chop-fallen air.

"My dear Mr. Piper, what time should I have for society or for you if I did that? Quite impossible. Besides, the girls will be a great deal better at a first-rate school. They are too high-spirited to obey me, and now I am their mamma, they would laugh at my attempts to teach them."

Mr. Piper sighed and submitted. The boys went to school as a matter of course. He had no objection to that. But he had hoped that his daughters would stay at home, and cheer his breakfast table with their round commonplace faces and small second-hand jokes, and thump their duets of an evening for his delectation.

One evil Mr. Piper had feared in taking Bella for his wife had not befallen him. He had fancied that the Park would be overrun with Scratchells, that Bella, as an affectionate member of a large family, would want to make his house a free warren for her father and mother, brothers and sisters.

But this apprehension of Mr. Piper's was in no manner realized. Bella sent her family ceremonious invitations to her second-best parties, and made a duty call upon her mother after church every Sunday—a time at which Mrs. Scratchell was less distracted by thoughts about the kettle or the kitchen generally than at other periods of her existence; for the Scratchells always had a cold dinner on the Sabbath, not so much from piety as from a conviction of Mrs. Scratchell's that cold meat went further than hot.

This kind of intercourse was not what the Scratchells—especially Clementina and Flora—had expected; but they were fain to be thankful for the favors they received, and never carried their murmurs further than the sacred home circle, where, sitting round the winter fire, they discoursed at their ease upon Bella's worldliness and want of natural feeling.

"I was so glad when Lady Jane refused to go to her dinner party!" said Clementina. "We weren't asked to that party. Oh no. We were not good enough to meet Lady Jane—nor the Timperleys either. And Lady Jane wrote and told Bella that she only went out to dine with old friends. Wasn't that splendid?"

"Did Bella tell you?" asked Mr. Scratchell.

"Catch her! She's too proud to tell me she's been snubbed. Lady Jane told Mrs. Dulcimer, and Mrs. Dulcimer told me, and I've no doubt every body in the village knows all about it by this time."

"No doubt," sighed Mrs. Scratchell, in her doleful way. "It was a pity Bella put herself so forward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

For several years past Major J. W. Powell, in charge of the United States Geographical and Geological Survey of the Rocky Mountain Region, has been paying particular attention in his researches to the ethnology and philology of the American Indians; and having received from the Smithsonian Institution an immense mass of material on this subject, collected during a period of many years, he has called to his assistance numerous experts for the purpose of preparing a series of memoirs on these topics.

We have now a partial result of his labor in the first of a series of quarto volumes, entitled *Contributions to North American Ethnology*, and published in most excellent style, with numerous illustrations, at the Government Printing-office. The present volume is occupied with the Indians of Northwestern America, embracing several papers by Mr. Dall and others on the tribes of Alaska and adjacent Territories, and a number of vocabularies, principally by the late Mr. George Gibbs.

Professor Hall, not content with the glory of his discovery of the moons of Mars, has lately announced a determination of the period of rotation of Saturn, which is believed to be more accurate than any heretofore indicated. On the night of September 7 he observed a bright spot on the ball of Saturn, two or three minutes in diameter, round and well defined, and of a brilliant white color. As the result of his own observations and those of others instituted at his request, he concludes, assuming that the spot has no proper motion on the surface of the planet, that the time of the rotation of Saturn is 10 h. 14 m. and 23.8 s. mean time. The period of rotation of the ring of Saturn is 10 h. 29 m. and 16.8 s.

The new salmon-hatching establishment started on the Clackamas River, Oregon, by Mr. Livingston Stone, of the United States Fish Commission, in behalf of an association of canners, for the purpose of keeping up the supply of salmon on the Columbia River, commenced the taking of eggs on the 12th of September, 12,000 being secured from two fish. Although operations here were begun at a rather late period, it is hoped that enough will be accomplished during the present season to make a fair beginning, and that next year the work will be resumed on a very large scale.

It is entirely in accordance with the prophecies of persons who have given attention to the subject that the fisheries of the Columbia show signs of diminution, to no very great extent at present, but enough to warrant serious forebodings in regard to this important interest.

Action, therefore, in the way of artificial propagation of the salmon is not by any means premature, and we may hope that before the decrease can become very serious the new source of supply will bring the stock of fish in the Columbia up to the usual number.

Professor Jacob Nöggerath, Professor of Mineralogy in the University of Bonn, died on the 13th of September, at the age of ninety.

Professor Cope, in a recent communication to the American Philosophical Society, announces the discovery of what he believes to be the largest fossil reptile yet brought to the notice of naturalists. This was obtained not far from Cañon City, in Colorado, and although the remains discovered are not sufficient to furnish any absolute means of determination, he thinks that it must have exceeded any other known land animal. Six of the cervical vertebræ alone would represent a length of ten feet of neck, the whole neck probably being much longer than this. He calls the animal *Camarasaurus supremus*.

Professor O. W. Morris, recently the librarian of Cooper Union, died on the 9th of August, 1877, in the eightieth year of his age. Professor Morris was for forty years connected with the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the usefulness of that establishment was closely associated with his untiring zeal and industry.

As a man of science, Professor Morris was especially interested in meteorology, and for many years was the New York correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution. Among his papers is a meteorological record dating back for more than fifty years. He was also an ardent botanist, and one of the earliest members of the Torrey Botanical Club.

In the fourth number of the Bulletin of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories are several papers of interest to the naturalist. Among them are accounts of fossil insects, by Mr. Scudder; living insects, by Dr. Packard and Mr. Uhler; articles on fossil reptiles and fishes, by Professor Cope, etc.

Professor Parlatore, an eminent Italian botanist, and director of the Botanic Garden and of the Natural History Museum of Florence, died on the 9th of September. Among his more important labors were several monographs, published in De Candolle's *Prodromus*, and he left behind him a partly completed work on the flora of Italy.

An important application of the telephone has been made in establishing a communication between the surface of a certain mine in Cornwall and the bottom, even whispers being most distinctly heard through the apparatus.

An enterprise under the auspices of the Société des Voyages d'Étude autour du Monde, which has been contemplated for a much longer period of time than the Woodruff expedition, has not yet assumed so definite a form, and the first voyage is not to start until some time next year. This is to include an extensive tour in North America, involving visits to Philadelphia, New York, Montreal, the Great Lakes, and the Falls of Niagara.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley has again come prominently before the notice of the world in connection with exploration and discovery in Africa, his last feat being, if any thing, more striking and important than the finding of Dr. Livingstone after the long interval of silence concerning his movements. The special interest in the first case was more particularly personal; but in the labor which he has now accomplished he has solved one of the principal problems in African geography.

Starting on his last enterprise in the end of November, 1874, at Bagamoyo, information of his movements was communicated from time to time through his letters to the New York *Herald* and London *Daily Telegraph*; but a long interval ensued during which he was not heard from, and the recent announcement of his arrival on the west coast of Africa sent every where a feeling of relief as to his fate.

After starting on this last journey, Stanley spent considerable time in exploration in the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza, Albert Nyanza, and the Alexandria Nile, and reached Ujiji after an interval of a year and a half. Arriving at Lake Tanganyika, he followed up the Lukuga, considered by Cameron to be an outlet of the lake, and satisfied himself that it was such only in cases of very high water. Proceeding westward, he reached Nyangwe, on the Lualaba, and in November, 1876, began the endeavor to trace this river to its mouth. Innumerable difficulties were experienced on the way in the shape of jungles and impenetrable forests, while hostile savages on every side made it necessary for him to change his course or fight his way with the utmost resoluteness through all these obstacles, sometimes by land, sometimes by water. To these were added dangers from fever and from rapids and cataracts and other impediments, all of which were bravely battled with and overcome; and on the 8th of August Stanley reached Boma, at the head of the Congo deltas, the river having already for some time changed its name, being known among the natives as the Congo. On the 14th, he reached Cabinda, and on the 21st, St. Paul de Loanda, having established beyond further cavil the identity of the Congo and the Lualaba.

His party met with serious losses by wounds, disease, and privations, his white companion, Francis Pocock, having perished by being carried over a cataract, and his faithful servant Kalulu being among the missing.

This closes up the mystery of the Congo, and, according to the geographers, leaves the Ogove the only African river whose origin is unknown, although it is suggested that the river Welle, discovered by Schweinfurth, may be the upper portion of this stream, if it be not a tributary of the Congo.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It was a little hard on the boy, for he meant well, and had a sincere admiration for the girl. They were sitting at the tea table with a company of others, and as he passed her the sugar he murmured in an undertone, "Here it is, sweet, just like you." The compliment was a little awkward, to be sure, but he meant it, and it seemed more than cruel when, a moment later, having occasion to pass the butter to him, she drawled, "Here it is, soft, just like you."

"Why," asked a teacher in the Sunday-school, "did Solomon tell the sluggard to go to the ant?" "Because," said a thirteen-year-old boy, "he knew his aunt would have him at the wood pile or in the onion bed every afternoon as soon as school was out."

The Kind of Flower oftenest raised by Mothers of unruly Boys—The lady-slipper.

A missionary joked an Indian who was about to take a wife, and among other things said, "I should think you'd be afraid you'd have too much joy—more than even your stoicism could stand." The noble red man reflected for a moment, and then said, "The pale-face is right. Squaw wife too much jawy—sometimes great deal more than Injun can stand."

"File right!" said an officer to his company. "Be-dad," replied an Irishman, who stood near, sharpening his saw, "it's me own property, and I'll be afther doin' as I plaze wid it."

A provincial contemporary thinks it is no more than right to apologize for the accidental omission, in a previous issue, of the "t" in the phrase, "Our immortal mayor."

WAR RUMORS.

Artful Assistant. "Yes, mum, these are real Turkish towels; can't get any more when these are sold, mum. All the towel-makers have been called out now to fight the Russians."

"Three words, Sire," said an officer to Henry IV.—"Money or discharge." "Three words," replied the king—"Neither of them."

He was a wild Texan, just from the frontier, and had boarded the train at Fort Worth. It was his first ride on the "kers," and as the conductor reached in his hip pocket for his punch, the sharp eye of Texas caught a glimpse of its polished handle, and quick as thought he leveled a navy six on that conductor, saying, "Put 'er up, or I'll blow daylight through you! No man can get the drop on me."

"I have," said Dr. Guthrie, "four good reasons for being an abstainer: my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

"There is reason in all things," but it tries a man's mental strength and faith most desperately to comprehend the hired girl's reason for blacking the stove with his shoe-brush, when he finds himself at church with a pair of boots that look like a twin bulletin of stove-polish.

"Bob, can you tell me why I'm like the moon when it is twenty-three days old?" Bob couldn't tell, and the questioner explained, "Because I've passed my last quarter." A small loan was advanced immediately.

Nature and Art.—Have you any marble or plaster busts of Psyche?" asked a Chicago lady at an art store. "No," was the reply of the polite but rather verdant clerk, "we have busts of 'most all the great men, but none of Sankey." The woman did not attempt an explanation.

"Master at home?" "No, Sir, he's out." "Mistress at home?" "No, Sir, she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the fire." "That's out too, Sir."

PTOLEMY'S MAP OF THE WORLD—GEOGRAPHICAL IDEAS OF AFRICA SEVENTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—Photographed by Pach from a Copy belonging to the American Geographical Society.—[See Page 910.]

THE LATE SENATOR MORTON.

The death of Senator Oliver Perry Morton, of Indiana, the news of which had been daily expected for several weeks, took place at Indianapolis about half past five in the afternoon of November 1. Several years ago he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, induced by his severe labors and anxieties during the war, and rest and foreign travel failed to restore his health, although the malady was greatly alleviated.

Mr. Morton was born at Saulsbury, Wayne County, Indiana, August 4, 1823. Losing his parents in early infancy, he was taken home by his grandmother, with whom he lived until her death in 1837, when he was apprenticed to his half-brother, a hatter by trade. The lad soon became dissatisfied, and determined to acquire an education. With this end in view he entered the Wayne County Seminary, Centreville. Having completed the preparatory course, he became a student at Miami University, Ohio, and was an adept scholar, but left without taking the degree, and returned to Centreville to study law in the office of J. S. Newman and Jesse R. Liddell. He was admitted to the bar in 1846, and rose rapidly in his profession. In 1852 he was appointed Judge of the Wayne Judicial Circuit to complete an unexpired term.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854 led Mr. Morton to sever his connection with the Democratic party, with which he had previously acted. He immediately joined the Republican organization, and was an active member of the Pittsburgh Convention of February, 1856, which first gave a national attitude to that party. The same year he received the nomination for Governor in place of Joseph A. Wright. He made a canvass of the State in conjunction with A. P. Willard, the Democratic candidate, but was defeated at the October election.

THE LATE SENATOR MORTON.—[Photographed by Brady, Washington, D. C.]

Four years later Mr. Morton was the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, on the ticket headed by Henry G. Lane, and was elected. The transfer of Governor Lane to the United States Senate in 1861 left Mr. Morton in the responsible and trying position of Governor at a most critical period. He had already declared himself in favor of enforcing national sovereignty over the Southern States in case of their attempted secession from the Union. Addressing a public meeting at Indianapolis in November, 1860, he said:

> "I would rather come out of a struggle at the end of a seven years' war defeated in arms and conceding independence to successful revolution, than purchase peace by the concession of a principle that must inevitably explode the nation into small and dishonored fragments. But of the result of such a struggle I entertain the utmost hope and confidence."

This sentiment found a hearty echo throughout the Northern States.

The task imposed upon Mr. Morton as Governor of Indiana during the war was one of great difficulty and magnitude. With a strong disaffected element to hold in check in his own State, he displayed prodigious energy in raising and equipping troops for service in the field. The Indiana regiments were always promptly furnished in full numbers when required. He personally looked after their well-being when in the field, and took care that the families of the volunteers should not suffer in their absence. He lent powerful assistance to the loyal element in Kentucky, and George D. Prentice, the veteran editor of the Louisville *Journal*, hailed him as the "guardian spirit" of that State.

Mr. Morton served throughout the war as Governor of Indiana, having been re-elected in 1864. No man of less energy and courage could have been equal to the task imposed upon him. He was equal to every emergency. When a hostile Legislature insultingly refused to receive his messages or to vote supplies for the soldiers, he dispensed with the assistance of the Legislature and carried on the government himself. But his ceaseless labors at length exhausted his strength, and a paralytic stroke compelled him to seek relief in European travel.

On his return he was elected to the United

MR. JOHN WELSH.—Photographed by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 910.]

MR. E. W. STOUGHTON.—Photographed by Kurtz, New York.—[See Page 910.]

States Senate, and took his seat in 1867. His Senatorial career is fresh in the public mind, and requires no extended rehearsal. He was one of the recognized leaders of Republican policy in the reconstruction measures, and his influence in national legislation was decided and far-reaching. In 1870 Mr. MORTON was offered the appointment of minister to England, but he preferred to retain his seat in the Senate. He was re-elected in 1873. Although in feeble health, and compelled to remain seated while speaking, he still took an active part in legislation. He was a prominent member of the Electoral Commission, to which he was at first opposed.

Early last summer Mr. MORTON set out for Oregon with the GROVER investigating committee. The fatigue incident to that duty so seriously affected his health as to awaken the gravest fears of his family and friends. The paralysis that had previously affected only his legs manifested itself in his left side and arm. Notwithstanding his critical situation, he insisted on returning to Indiana, and made the long and painful journey in a special car. He arrived at the home of Governor BURBANK, at Richmond, Indiana, early in August, in a very weak state; but a few days of rest and the care of skillful physicians soon wrought a favorable but temporary change. About two weeks before his death he was removed to his own home in Indianapolis, where he died.

Mr. MORTON's most bitter political enemies admit his integrity and uprightness of character. Millions of public money passed through his hands while he was Governor, and were faithfully accounted for to the last penny. He preserved his integrity free from even the shadow of suspicion. Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to his political course since the close of the war, his countrymen will always gratefully acknowledge the magnitude of his services during the most trying period of the nation's history, and his name will go down to posterity linked with great achievements in the service of his country.

OUR NEW FOREIGN MINISTERS.

MR. JOHN WELSH.

MR. JOHN WELSH, appointed to succeed Mr. PIERREPONT as minister to England, is a native of Philadelphia, where he was born in 1805. For many years a well-known merchant of that city, he has also been prominent before the public outside of his business relations, although he has held but few political positions. He is perhaps most widely known as president of the Centennial Board of Finance. Mr. WELSH was unanimously elected to that position at the first meeting, in April, 1873, and received the same honor at each stated meeting afterward. From that day forward he labored diligently and faithfully for the financial success of the great Exhibition, and no man is entitled to a greater share of credit for the magnificent spectacle presented by his city last year. His services were fittingly recognized last winter by the subscription of $50,000 for a testimonial from his fellow-citizens; and this testimonial, at Mr. WELSH's own suggestion, took the shape of the endowment of the John Welsh Professorship in the University of Pennsylvania. He is an active member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is one of the founders of their hospital in Philadelphia.

MR. E. W. STOUGHTON.

Mr. E. W. STOUGHTON, of New York, our newly appointed minister to Russia, is well known as an able and eminent member of the legal profession. He is a gentleman of fine presence and address, and possesses high qualifications for the important diplomatic position for which he has been selected by President HAYES. The Senate expressed its sense of his fitness by promptly confirming his nomination.

PTOLEMY'S MAP OF THE WORLD.

THE map of the world given on page 908 is interesting as showing the conception which the geographer PTOLEMY had, in the second century of our era, of the globe, and what was then known of the continent of Africa. It is from a very fine copy of the geography of PTOLEMY in the library of the American Geographical Society of this city, printed in Rome in 1508. There is in this edition a series of maps which were appended to manuscript copies of PTOLEMY, still preserved in Vienna and at Venice, to each of which manuscripts there is a statement, also in manuscript, that the maps were delineated by AGATHODÆMON, of Alexandria, according to the eight books of the geography of PTOLEMY. This is all that is positively known respecting the origin of these interesting maps. PTOLEMY flourished in the first half of the second century of our era. It is assumed from internal evidence in his works that he was in Alexandria and made observations there A.D. 139; and AGATHODÆMON, the delineator, of the maps, is supposed by some to have been a contemporary of his, who was in Alexandria at that time. AGATHODÆMON, a mechanician, is known to have lived in Alexandria in the fifth century of our era, and he is by some supposed to have been the author of these maps. This, however, is questioned by eminent geographical scholars, and the more general belief is that they were either copies, or a reproduction with additions, of maps made by MARINUS, of Tyre, the immediate predecessor of PTOLEMY, and from whom he derived a very large part of his geographical information.

MARINUS shares with ERASTOTHENES and HIPPARCHUS the distinction of being one of the three founders of the mathematical geography of the ancients. He corrected the errors of his predecessors, and fixed the determination of many places left uncertain by previous geographers. It is known from the statement of ancient writers that he constructed maps upon a new method which entirely displaced those previously in use. He studied with great care the works of the previous geographers, and the journals then existing of voyages, collecting a large amount of materials, which he used with great discrimination, and embodied in a work, unfortunately lost, of which we know little except what is stated in PTOLEMY. The strong probability that these maps were the production of a contemporary of PTOLEMY is heightened by the fact that nothing comparable to them could have been produced during the Middle Ages, when cartography and geographical knowledge were in a very low state.

The map of Africa is especially interesting, as the three lakes there represented as the source of the Nile have been confirmed by the discoveries of BRUCE, SPEKE, and BAKER. These lakes were omitted upon all maps after the time of D'ANVILLE—about the middle of the last century—as belonging to imaginary geography; and when Chief Justice DALY, the President of the American Geographical Society, called attention some years ago to the fact that the Lake Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza) of SPEKE and the Mwutan Nizi (Albert Nyanza) of BAKER were simply rediscoveries, having been known in the time of PTOLEMY, his statement was received with general incredulity, especially in England, until it was vindicated by the map itself.

Assuming, as we are disposed to do, that these maps were constructed immediately before or in the time of PTOLEMY, they are very interesting as the earliest specimens extant of cartography. They, at all events, embody the state of geographical knowledge at that early period of PTOLEMY, and present at once to the eye what it would require a close and laborious examination to make out by a perusal of the work itself, which has never been translated into English.

P. B. DU CHAILLU.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AN expedition is now preparing to leave this country with the purpose of recovering gold and silver treasures which for more than sixty years have been hidden beneath the waters of the Spanish Main, not far from La Guayra, Venezuela. In 1815 the *San Pedro Alcantara*, a Spanish man-of-war, was sent as a convoy to provision-laden vessels designed to supply the fleet in the Caribbean Sea. Thirteen hundred men were on board, and the treasure chests contained $3,000,000 in silver. When the *San Pedro Alcantara* arrived at La Guayra a revolution was found to be in progress, and Spanish citizens and churches of Venezuela caused their treasures of gold and silver and jewels to be transferred for safety to the frigate. Several Venezuelan towns were also plundered and destroyed, their wealth being carried on board the vessel. The soldiers and sailors were so exultant at their successes that they indulged in a drunken revel, during which the frigate caught fire. The half-crazed men could do nothing, and when the flames reached the powder-magazine a terrible explosion sent the *San Pedro Alcantara*, with men and treasures widely scattered, beneath the waves. Several attempts have been made to recover the sunken millions; but in all not more than $500,000 has been found, and this in silver. The gold, jewels, and church plate remain undiscovered. Captain Folingsby, an experienced diver, has obtained permission from the Venezuelan government to search for the lost treasure, the permission to last six years, and a percentage on all sums recovered to be paid to Venezuela. With modern appliances and contrivances, with energy, knowledge, and prudence, he believes that some millions may be recovered.

According to Astronomer Smyth, of the Royal Observatory, Scotland, we are going to have an exceedingly cold winter. He has made a definite calculation concerning the time when great heat waves and cold waves occur, and he asserts that the next cold wave is due about the close of the present year, and that we must look out for very frigid weather. This information will be convenient for those about purchasing their winter outfit.

No prettier sight has been witnessed for many a day in our fashionable avenues and in Central Park than the recent fall parade of the Coaching Club. Eight elegant coaches, filled, or, we should say, covered, with gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen, with gorgeous footmen and lackeys, and drawn by thirty-two magnificent horses, made a novel scene, which attracted an enthusiastic crowd. From Madison Square, up Fifth Avenue, through the Park to Mount St. Vincent, and then returning, the route was continued to Washington Square, and thence back to Twenty-sixth Street, the procession being greeted on all sides by eager spectators.

Accounts from all parts of the United States indicate that the wheat crop this year is the largest ever produced in this country.

The statue of Robert Burns designed for the Mall in the Central Park is now roughly blocked in marble at the studio of Sir John Steell, of Edinburgh. The poet is represented in simple dress, seated on an elm stump, with a quill in his hand, and his face upturned, as if uttering the first lines of "Mary in Heaven." Sir John Steell is the sculptor of the statue of Sir Walter Scott now on the Mall.

A betrothal present ordered at Paris by King Alfonso for the Princess Mercedes is a casket in lapis lazuli, mounted on four lion's claws, and ornamented with garlands of golden roses of delicate workmanship. The hues of the flowers are all faithfully presented. The key is a golden rose full blown. The interior of the casket is lapis lazuli studded with tiny nails, diamond-headed. The casket is intended to hold the lover's love-letters, but it goes to the princess in the first place with but one note and a necklace of eight rows of pearls. As the casket is sixteen inches high and thirty square, the king doubtless intends to be a faithful correspondent.

The French government has certainly shown unusual courtesy toward the United States in regard to the coming Exhibition. Taking it for granted that this country will make a creditable exhibit, it has set aside 41,952 square feet of floor space in the main building, with the corresponding wall space, and offers as much room in the agricultural and manufacturing departments as may be desired. Moreover, the commission does not limit the time for the admission of goods from this country, but will receive them up to the day of opening, which is March 1.

The *Ambassadress*, Mr. Astor's schooner yacht, recently made a successful trial trip down the bay. After the Southern cruise which is projected, she will remain South during the winter, returning here next spring.

Subscriptions continue to be made to the Seventh Regiment New Armory Fund. Committees are being organized to solicit contributions from various quarters, and there is good prospect of securing the necessary amount.

At the International Leather Exhibition in Berlin the highest premium—a gold medal—was awarded to an American firm for their collective exhibit of boot and shoe machinery. Several other American firms received diplomas and honorable mention on the same account. The consul-general of the United States has forwarded to this country a new article, which attracted much attention at the exhibition. It is called the patent kid elastic, manufactured in Berlin, and intended for shoe lastings, carriage covers, water-proof clothing, gaiters, soldiers' ration bags, gun covers, mail pouches, etc. Five times the strength and durability of the common woven India-rubber lasting are claimed for this kid elastic.

DANGEROUS FRAUD.

MANY dealers in medicine are selling an *imitation* Porous Plaster, made of *Lead* Plaster and Rubber, with holes punched in them the same as Allcock's Porous Plaster. This Imitation will Produce Paralysis and Nervous Exhaustion, which the Genuine Allcock's Porous Plaster cures. This dangerous imitation has no name, because if it had Allcock's Porous Plaster on it, we could stop the sale at once, that being our Trade-Mark. Therefore, let the Public be cautious how they use Remedies which the makers fear to endorse with their names. B. BRANDRETH, President of The Porous Plaster Co., Brandreth House, *New York, Oct.* 27, 1877.—[*Com.*]

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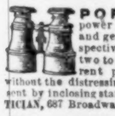

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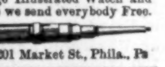

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WITH THE TURKS AT SHIPKA—"ALLAH! ALLAH!"—A TURKISH BAYONET CHARGE.

THE INVASION OF TURKEY.

Two weeks ago our Supplement contained a double-page engraving representing the advance made by the Turks upon the Russian positions at Shipka on the morning of the 21st of August. In the accompanying article a description was given of the series of conflicts that ensued, resulting in the discomfiture of the Turkish forces, who finally abandoned the attack, leaving General RADETSKY still in possession of the heights.

At this point we resume the thread of the story. On the 1st of September the position of the Russian general was as follows: His advanced centre held Mount St. Nicholas, the highest point in the Shipka Pass; his right and left flanks rested upon two crests which stand a little to the northward of that point. In this way his line formed a very obtuse angle, the vertex of which was cut off by the central position at Mount St. Nicholas.

For a period of two weeks quiet reigned in the neighborhood of Shipka, but by the middle of September it became evident that the active preparations going forward in the Turkish camp portended a renewal of the attack. This time SULEIMAN PASHA determined upon an assault on Mount St. Nicholas itself, and made his arrangements with intent to win. About ten o'clock on the evening of Sunday, the 16th, eight battalions marched noiselessly past the Turkish head-quarters to form the central attacking column, under SALIH PASHA. An equal force, commanded by VEISEL PASHA, ascended the western heights, and some 2000 men were sent to the eastward, where Brigadier REDJIB PASHA had been for some time established. The night was favorable, and the positions were taken without the Russians receiving the slightest intimation that any thing unusual had occurred.

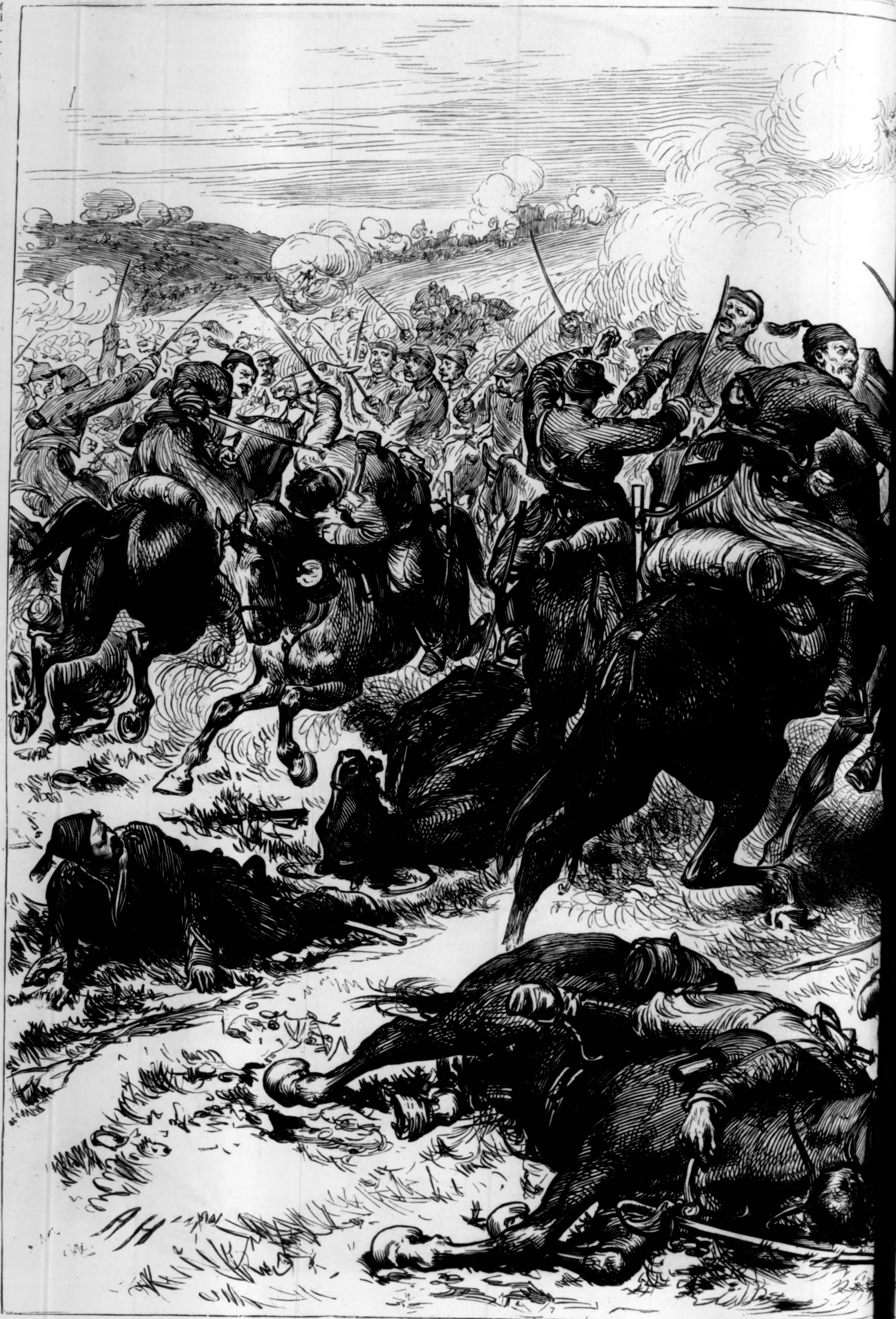
Shortly before four o'clock on Monday morning the general on whom devolved the duty of leading the attack on the fort took advantage of the darkness of the hour, and quitting his well-selected cover, advanced his men up the green slope at the base of the rock, and was soon established upon its steep and rugged face without having fired a shot. Arrived there, however, the alarm was quickly given, and the fort became alive with vivid flashes of rifle-firing. This continued for the space of half an hour, at the expiration of which the fire lessened to such an extent as to give assurance that the position, formidable as it was, had been won at the beginning of the attack. This occasioned great exultation among the Turks, who lost no time in spreading the news, without waiting for it to be confirmed. A correspondent writes: "I was at head-quarters on the plain at the mouth of the pass when it was announced that a telegram had been received from the eastern battery that Fort St. Nicholas had actually been taken. The rapidity with which this seems to have been done astonished SULEIMAN PASHA, who was upon the point of telegraphing the welcome news to Constantinople, when he

reflected upon it, and made use of the wire to inquire if there could be any misconception. The answer was re-assuring, and the cessation of the fire seemed to confirm the truth of the message."

The news had scarcely been sent on to the Turkish capital, however, when a loud firing announced that the artillery had reopened upon the rear of the fort. This proved that the doubts of the Turkish commander had been only too well founded. The mortar batteries were firing heavily also, and the rattle of musketry soon became incessant. By the time the sun rose, the tumult on all sides announced that a fierce battle was under way, and the correspondent from whom we have quoted above determined to press forward to the scene of action. Thus we are enabled to give an account of the struggle as described by an eye-witness:

"The scene could be reached most easily from the east, but even this takes one horse nearly a couple of hours by an ascent as steep, and as much encumbered with pieces of rock, more or less huge, as any to be met with in the Balkans. Arrived at last at the top, the exertion was amply repaid, and the reason of the error above referred to became easy to understand. Seen from the plain, the rock might readily be supposed just before daylight to have been captured, for its summit is perhaps a hundred yards deep, and is broken up into jagged and storm-torn ravines. About half-way along is a cleft, and the Turkish troops could be seen firing with the utmost energy across at the Russians, hidden under whatever cover there was to be met with upon their side of it, while their own numerously intrenched men were picking off their exposed assailants most mercilessly. The eastern battery was pouring its shells in among the enfiladed trenches, but their guns on the western side were unable to play with so great effect, on account of the closeness of the combatants to each other. All this time I looked anxiously, but in vain, for the attacks which it must have been intended that the battalions told off for the purpose on either side should have long ago carried out. Fighting was to be heard going on in the valleys covered from view by the intervening ridges of the mountains, but this was of a desultory nature, and soon ceased almost entirely, and one's attention became riveted by the events passing immediately before the eye. The Turkish centre was evidently admirably and bravely led by Salih Pasha's second in command. He poured up his men with the utmost rapidity, and their fire was as incessant as their exposure to that of the enemy from their thickly lined trenches was great. That the Turkish fire was effective was shown by the sight of the wounded who were being conveyed from the stoutly defended side of the cleft. The eastern battery was hotly replied to all the time by the Turkish guns on the Shipka road, and their having fuse shells gave some compensation for the losses which their side sustained from the correctness of aim of the Turkish artillery-men. The delay in the further advance of the Turkish centre was becoming extraordinary, the numbers opposed to it being very inferior numerically. No reserves appeared to be sent forward on the Russian side. Something had evidently gone out of gear, as the best-contrived plan will sometimes do, and the fighting had endured, it must be remembered, since dawn. About a quarter to eleven, however, a startling change occurred. A dark mass of men was to be seen advancing from the direction of Gabrova along the high-road through the Pass. This unlooked-for apparition quickly determined whatever hesitation the gallant Turkish leader of the centre might have entertained, for he saw himself in danger of being surrounded by fresh masses of the enemy. It proved to be some 1600 Russian chasseurs, who had been sent forward as speedily as possible on the alarm of the attack arriving. The order to retire was at once sounded, and down again came the now disheartened troops, with the cup of victory dashed from their lips."

Thus collapsed the great Turkish victory over which there had been so much premature rejoicing in Constantinople.



CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF KACELJEVO...

Like the shifting of a scene at a theatre, where each change but serves to throw light on the same story from another point, our double-page engraving carries us northward to the Lom, where the operations of the opposing forces divide public attention with the more important actions at Shipka and Plevna. On the 22d of August, when the struggle between General Radetsky and Suleiman Pasha was at its fiercest, a division of the Russian army, under command of the Czarowitz, crossed the western branch of the river, and attacked the enemy on what is known as Yaslar Heights, an elevation some forty miles to the south of Rustchuk, at which point the Lom joins the Danube. The attack was comparatively successful, but on the following day the Turks marched on Yaslar, took the village, and forced the Russians back to Sultankoi, thus securing a strong hold on the western bank of the Lom, and the command of the road leading from Osman Bazar to Rustchuk. Having in this manner turned the right of the Russian positions, a few days later Mehemet Ali attacked part of the Czarowitz's army, under General Leonoff, at Karahasankoi, on the eastern bank of the river. This battle, our readers will remember, was fully described in the *Weekly* of October 20. The Russians were not only defeated, but were forced to retire across the Lom, and also evacuate the town of Haidarkoi, after which they fell back on Gagova.

The battle of Karahasankoi took place on the 30th of August, and having thus cleared the way, Mehemet Ali began his preparations for an advance, his objective point being the Russian head-quarters at ... the whole force ... out under Achmet ... roads in the dir... lage midway betw... Here the Russians ... selves in front of ... of the 5th, the T... Pasha, reached ... Nedjib, occupied ... are connected ...

ELJEVO… L CHARGE OF THE TURKISH CAVALRY.

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roads which join each other some five miles to the eastward of that village. In the mean while another small force of Turks under Sabit Pasha approached the same point from Karahasankoi, the scene of the recent victory.

On Thursday, the 6th, the combined forces advanced on Kaceljevo. The Russians defended themselves with great spirit, and made the most of the advantages of their position, but it was manifest from the beginning that they were outnumbered. The Turks showed good courage, and advanced with coolness against a very heavy artillery fire, delivered with admirable precision. The enemy had intrenched themselves in three lines. The first of these was soon carried. The second was more obstinately contested; but it was finally carried by a brilliant charge.

The battle of Kaceljevo closed with the brilliant cavalry charge depicted in the engraving, and within ten hours of the beginning of the attack the Russians were in full and by no means orderly retreat toward the village of Ablava, some three or four miles to the south. The Russians made no attempt to fortify themselves there, but moved on in a southwesterly direction toward Osikova and the valley of Cerkovna. Here they established their outposts on both sides of a road connecting the villages of Cerkovna, Verboka, and Cairkoi, partly on the ridge, and partly on the heights which rise on the left bank of a small brook called Jordan, a tributary of the Lom. A ridge to the southeast of Verboka was selected by the Russians as the chief vantage-ground of their artillery, on which they raised a series of protected batteries. In this way their front extended a distance of from eight to nine kilometers. The Turks, following in the track of their retreating enemies, posted themselves on the other side of the Jordan, occupying a range of hills only three kilometers from the Russian position.

On the morning of the 21st of September the Turkish batteries, in obedience to orders received, opened fire punctually at eleven o'clock on the Russian position to the southeast of Verboka. The artillery battle thus begun kindled into greater intensity when at half past one the Russians moved eight more guns up to the ridge on which their batteries were posted. At two o'clock the fire of infantry began to be heard from the Turkish left wing, four Russian battalions having succeeded in crossing the Jordan Brook unobserved, and making their way to the wood occupied by the Egyptian troops. A battalion, forming the enemy's advance guard, encountered a Turkish battalion, when a lively fire arose, and the three remaining battalions of the enemy coming up, joined in the engagement. The Turkish battalion hitherto unsupported was now in the greatest jeopardy, when suddenly Ali Riza Pasha, advancing with two battalions, fell upon the right wing of the Russians, and forced them to retreat hastily across the Jordan, where, finding a position favorable for defense, they made a halt. The Turkish battalions pursued them, and galled the Muscovites with their fire. The Russians, however, received fresh auxiliaries. From the rear of their infantry on the right wing half a battery was moved up, two guns being soon added. The Turkish battalions, however, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the enemy and the murderous fire of their guns, did not stir a step from their position. Every moment they expected the advance of the Egyptian battalions which were posted in the wood, and whose duty it was to deliver the Turkish infantry from their perilous position. At last, about half past three, one of the longed-for battalions appeared, engaged in some little skirmishing, and then made off for the wood, where they remained for the rest of the day.

At the same moment the left wing opened fire the Turkish centre and right wing received orders to advance. The intention, however, was only to engross the attention of the enemy by their fire, while the serious work was done elsewhere. The advanced battalions started, crossed the brook by means of fascines of brush-wood, each man carrying one, and as soon as they reached the other bank, they were fired at by the Russian tirailleurs stationed on the slope. The centre column at once broke into close skirmishing order, and an irregular battle ensued, gradually waxing more violent, till, the distressed Turkish battalions being joined by the other two, the Russian forces, though receiving additions also, were compelled slowly to retire to their main position on the ridge of the hill. The advance of those three Turkish battalions in face of the far superior fire of the enemy was, both in respect of the ground they won and the unexampled courage they displayed, a perfect feat of arms. Not one moment, in spite of heavy losses, did they interrupt their slow but steady onward march, till at 4 P.M. they stood within actual range of the Russian centre.

The three battalions forming the Turkish right wing advanced with equal spirit and resolution against the Russian left, which was protected by a wood. But notwithstanding the great defensive advantages of the latter, they were unable to hinder the Turks from establishing themselves in a position some three hundred meters from the verge of the wood, and there kept the Russians on the alert by a lively irregular fire. The artillery fire was kept up with energy till eight in the evening. On account of the lateness of the hour, the Turkish centre could not follow up the brilliant success it had achieved, especially as the two wings of the Turkish army, although not losing, did not continue to gain ground. The commander-in-chief was therefore obliged to order a retreat to the old positions, which movement was effected under cover of the night.

By eight o'clock silence again prevailed, and